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I opened your little book of Poems without much expectation of pleasure or profit, but I found both. I do not know when I have been more surprised than I was in finding in a man whom I had identified with works of practical benevolence, one who, as he passed wearily over the dusty highways of life, had been all along singing to himself songs that were indeed a refreshment to his soul. If you have more songs like those you have already sung, I am sure there are those who would like to hear them.

Rev. Thos. C. Pitkin, D.D., Detroit.

The deep devotional tone and the sweet melody of its rhythm render your book both attractive and religiously instructive. I think it will afford the members of any household an evening's entertainment, to read it aloud to the family circle.

Rev. John W. Brown, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, Cleveland.

THE YEAR OF CHRIST
IN SONG:

Easter and Ascension-tide,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Uniform with this volume, and the companion and complement of the same, the Publisher expects to issue early next season

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THE YEAR OF CHRIST

IN SONG:

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY

REV. OSGOOD E. FULLER, A. M.,
YPSILANTI, MICH.

"The King in His beauty."

DETROIT:
EMIL SCHOBER,
7 Fort Street West.
1878.

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EMIL SCHOBER,
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ADVENT
AND
CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

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GARRETT DUP. EX. 8-56

DEAR Heart, let these abide
And set thy life aflame :

The Thought of Christ who claims His Bride
And gives her foes to shame ;

The Thought of Him who came
To suffer and to die,

That all mankind athrough His Name
Might climb to yonder sky ;

The Deed which filled His life
And made it beautiful,

With Godhood and with Manhood rife,
Until His days were full ;

The Cross on Calvary
That stands no more in gloom,

From which He passed to death for thee
And glorified the tomb.

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A D V E N T.

"MY SONG SHALL BE OF MERCY AND JUDGMENT."

THE Manger and the Judgment-Seat
Are both within my heart,
Twin elements of God which meet
And will not stay apart:

Great words that teach me all I know
Of human history,
The cloud and sun which form the bow
Of heavenly mystery.

And in the beauty of the arch
That in my soul they form,
Steadfast I keep upon the march
All through life's sun and storm,

Strong in the loyalty of soul
Hope half fulfilled creates,
And certain of the happy goal
Where full fruition waits.

THE YEAR OF CHRIST.

THE MOUNTAINS.

“How beautiful upon the mountains.”

I.

How fair upon the mountains
Where beauty shall not cease,
The feet that bring good tidings,
The lips that publish peace!
In all the dreams of boyhood
That beauty had control,
And now those years have vanished,
It has not left my soul.

For when I hear the Gospel
From some great heart out told,
Whose melody eternal
It can no more withhold,

The beauty on the mountains,
Whose vision shall not cease,
Within my heart upflashes
With all the olden peace.

The peace that knows no slumber,
The peace that hath no rest,
Whose source is on the mountains,
Whose ocean is my breast!
Her presence is refreshment
And very strength of soul,
And all my life is music,
So sweet is her control.

And all my life is action,
O blessed Prince of Peace,
For in the soul that finds Thee,
The joy shall never cease—
The joy that is forever
To one dear purpose born,
As morning unto evening
And evening unto morn.

Along the march to heaven,
Whose glory bends to earth,

I seek, as unto sunshine,
To grow to higher worth:
The morning dawns with beauty,
Peace comes with even-song,
And in the swift procession
The joy that maketh strong.

And I am each to-morrow
Advanced beyond to-day,
So be my heart is open
The while I work and pray;
For God upon the mountains,
Whose vision cannot cloy,
Shines down through all the darkness
In beauty, peace and joy.

God! God! upon the mountains,
Sun of the Advent Day,
When will He shine in fulness,
And darkness pass away?
For I am grown impatient,
So much there is above,
The height on height unmeasured,
Of God's eternal love.

God! God! upon the mountains,
Sun of the Advent Day,
When will He shine in fulness,
And darkness pass away?
Be still, my soul, and trust Him,
Whose fulness is in Christ;
The darkness His pavilion,
He hath the more sufficed.

I I.

Not all of earth is earthy,
Nor all beyond sublime:
Eternity hath sorrow,
And joy is found in time.
And joy is everlasting,
A thing heroic, born
Of doing and pursuing
In regions of the morn,

Whate'er the Spirit willeth,
Which hath of souls the cure,
Whate'er a soul becometh
That must for aye endure:

Through evil fame and happy,
Until the setting sun
Proclaims in dying beauty
The race of earth is run.

And what if darkness gathers,
Which is not darkness all?
And what if sorrows thicken,
Which cannot hold in thrall?
Oh think ye not of darkness
Where blessed light abides.
Oh think ye not of sorrow
Where deathless joy resides.

The days so few and evil,
That dawn on mortal eyes,
Reveal the blessed mountains
Which touch the happy skies;
The dear and blessed mountains
Which longing eyes behold,
Begirt with all that lureth
The eager heart and bold.

Oh who would not ascend them
And cool the fever heat,

The burning pain and ceaseless
Which in his being meet,
And all the sweet pulsation
Of manly triumph feel,
As ever upward pressing
With pilgrim faith and zeal?

In grand and twilight glory
Like hoary priests they stand
And drop their benedictions
Upon a toiling land;
What time they seem to beckon
To those who dwell below,
Revealing and concealing
What mortals pine to know:

Concealing what of knowledge
Might quench and satisfy
The mighty thirst and hunger
Which bridge the earth and sky:
Revealing as in mercy
A prospect here and there,
Majestically real
And infinitely fair;

And flaming down the watchword
Of all the good to be,
On those who look above them
With eager eyes to see,
Which, writ upon their banner
In characters of fire,
Out shines the blaze of passion
And every low desire;

Until, like him who scenteth
Some far off golden shore,
And girdeth for the journey,
Not counting dangers o'er,
New-purposed, bold and eager,
They put their armor on,
Intent those heights in reaching
From whence the light has shone;

While ever, as ascending,
They feed the flame of life
And nurse a nobler purpose
And nerve for bolder strife,
Till on the blessed mountains
They raise the victor's cry,

And rest, begirt with glory
Which cannot fade or die.

And rest? There is no resting,
No one abiding place
For mortals or immortals
In life's unending race:
The grave it doth not limit
The strong heroic will:
Fair fields and everlasting
Invite endeavor still.

For joy goes on, forever
To one dear purpose born,
As morning unto evening
And evening unto morn.
And mountains rise on mountains
Which touch remoter skies,
And bless with larger blessing
The soul that never dies.

Oh who would not ascend them,
The table lands of God,
By earth and heaven's heroes
Victoriously trod;

Where rest is found in action,
And joy in ceaseless love,
Which hath below beginning
And waxeth strong above!

III.

WHAT time an eager pilgrim
For many a year was I,
The beauty on the mountains
Did fill my wistful eye;
For all within the circle
Of each new year of Christ,
I tracked His life undying
And felt a joy unpriced.

Sometimes a form of beauty,
Sometimes a hidden law,
One vision went before me
And held the mind in awe.
And oh I could not linger,
Though sunk in half despair;
For what I ever followed,
Did ever grow more fair.

Forever some new glory,
Behind the clouds in part,
Did wrap the soul in wonder
And feed the hungry heart.
The light relieved the darkness,
The darkness dimmed the light,
And half in light and shadow
I went from height to height.

Sometimes I rose in falling,
Sometimes in rising fell,
And all the sweet and bitter
I cannot pause to tell.
But conquest came forever,
As gladness after pain;
And who would scorn the anguish,
To follow in her train?

For all within the circle
Of many a year of Christ,
I tracked His life undying
And felt a joy unpriced,—
The joy that is forever
To one dear purpose born.

As morning unto evening
And evening unto morn.

And all I gained and gathered
I hid within my heart,
Where year by year it groweth
Of this poor life a part;
Till now my only purpose
Is how I best may guide
Some weary, toiling brother
Far up the mountain side.

For Love must ever publish
The wonders of the way
Where light comes out of darkness
And night is turned to day,
And find another glory
Upon life's pathway burst,
Out shining all the splendour
That dawned therein at first.

And if I aught have garnered
Of life's bright, golden grain,
It is my dear ambition
To sow it all again.

And God I know will help me
And give me inward peace,
And thus for all my sowing
My little store increase.

And God I know will bless me
And more and more suffice
With what cannot be uttered,
His own dear Son the price,
Until upon the mountains
My heart is all sufficed,
In knowing the eternal
And perfect Year of Christ.

E U R E K A.

“He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him,
We have found the Messias.”

I.

ST. ANDREW and ten thousand others
Have told my secret to their brothers;
Yet there may be some little gain,
If now I tell it o'er again.

Though all my telling will not make
The hearer of the love partake,
Which is the sunshine of my story,
Its chief and everlasting glory.

It comes through strong, courageous years,
And hopes victorious over fears,
Through ceaseless toil by day and night,
Until the flashes of the light

Drive from the yearning soul afar
The things that of the creature are,
And fill its waiting chambers full
Of God, the one thing beautiful.

This secret of the world of spirit
God does not give for any merit
Which in His children He discovers.
He hails the truest of His lovers,

And unto them vouchsafes the grace
His truth eternal to embrace,
And clasp within an eager soul,
The secret which they aye control.

Eureka! cries Archimedes,
What time his secret fair he sees;
And forth he runs to publish it,
His face with glorious triumph lit.

Copernicus for many years
Sought for the secret of the spheres:
Through forty circles of the earth
Was it in coming to its birth.

And when at last the old man died
At anchor in the Crucified,
The fruit of all his toil became
The glory of a deathless name.

Newton and Kepler both baptized
In prayer the truths which they so prized:
Thanksgiving unto God arose,
Who His arcana did disclose.

Oh, with what joy they told abroad
The long sought secrets of the Lord,
Apostles of science, Christian men,
Using the gifts of tongue and pen!

And shall the greater secret far
Than any truths of science are,
Remain a hidden, untold thing
With never wafting power of wing?

How did Saint Andrew finding Christ
The secret of his joy unpriced,
Straightway rehearse unto another,
Sharing his gladness with his brother!

How did Apostles tell it forth
Unto the East and West, the North
And South, wherever souls were found,
And clouds and darkness did abound!

Christ! Christ! did they alone rehearse,
The centre of the universe,
Round which humanity revolves,
What time it climbs in high resolves.

Christ! Christ! and Him once crucified,
Who for a world of sinners died.
Christ! Christ! who tasted death for all
Whom sin and evil here enthrall.

Henceforth all men to me are brothers.
I must tell Christ in me to others.
The fruit of all my long, long search
I must tell forth unto the Church.

And not the Church alone. The world
Must never see my banner furled.
One love, one work, until I die;
One only prize to fill mine eye.

O One exceeding great Reward!
Help me my secret tell abroad;
Help me one purpose to fulfill
What time on earth I do Thy will.

Through good report and evil I
Pursue whate'er in Christ is high,
And with the blessed Gospel shod
Range through the world-wide Church of God.

One only lofty vision I
Through all the earth and heavens descry:
One only fair ideal hold
Before my eager heart and bold.

One only song and prayer is mine
That I may show what is divine
Unto some yearning hearts of men
Groping for Paradise again.

And as the sovereign way for this
Return to paradisal bliss,
What is there, things of earth among,
Like breath of God upon the young?

Until they come at length to see
The beauty of the Deity,
Alike in Nature as in Grace,
Flashing from every form and place,

A guide to lead them on and on,
As love led the Apostle John,
Till they begin to tell abroad
God, their exceeding great reward.

Dear Christ! all men to me are brothers.
Henceforth my secret is for others:
One only prize to hold mine eye,
One love, one work, until I die.

III.

YES, I have found the work at last,
Which Providence alone forecast;
And nevermore for me is rest,
Save when I labor at my best.

Dear younger brother, would'st thou know
The way the Master loves to show
His will and wish? The search is vain,
Unless it be through toil and pain.

There is no easy lesson here
Where wisdom lingers many a year.
Most their vocation never know,
Since wisdom comes so slow, so slow!

Discerning not the will of God,
They walk the way the fathers trod,
And He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Observes His lowly children all.

But thou of hunger hast the smart
Pent up within a conscious heart.
God's providence is speaking there,
Telling what thou shouldst do and dare.

Be bold to heed the silent voice
And crucify each meaner choice;
Or else forever lose the place
Assigned thee in the realm of Grace.

God speaks not many times to those
To whom His will He would disclose.
Have they, alas, no ears to hear,
No more, no more He draweth near.

He needs thee not against thy will.
Thy little place His hand can fill.
From stones can He, of old I AM,
Raise children unto Abraham.

So thou, thy work to know and do,
Must unto Providence be true,
And heed the signals and the signs,
Although the light but dimly shines.

What though the signs are not so plain
As to shut out all doubt and pain?
The doubt and pain will not grow less,
While thou remain'st in idleness.

What if the signals be but faint
And in thy heart there is complaint?
Ah, they will all the fainter be
During thine inactivity

When once the signal voice is heard,
And the unfathomed heart is stirred
To action, we have found the way
Where life is greater than to-day,

(However vast its treasures be)
And boldly claims eternity.
Henceforth we no more reckon worth
By the arithmetic of earth.

The great is small, the small is great,
Often in after estimate,
And nobler aims and visions rise
What time we see with other eyes.

Hast thou despised the little things?
Know thou the smallest duty brings
A prophecy of coming time,
For thee ignoble or sublime.

The gifts of God thou dost not use,
Little or great, thou dost abuse.
What if—the forfeit comes at last—
From thee be taken what thou hast?

Thy sacred trusts each day increase:
Evening shall bring a psalm of peace,
And in a broader circle shine
The lantern of the Word Divine.

The blessed things of God no more
Shall be like shadow, as before,
But real, precious and sublime,
To grow more fair by use and time

Stand still, the darkness on thy track
Pushes no more its column back.
Halt not, the light gleams wide and far,
And thine is an unsettling star.

There always will be clouds. Thy mark
May sometimes vanish in the dark.
What then? Wilt thou at this despair?
It is thy trial — oh, beware!

Renew thy faltering zeal and trust
The Lord, O creature of the dust.
Young faith will perish in the night,
If thou dost only walk by sight.

Without the sun, the air, the earth,
The seed comes not unto its birth:
Its hidden power of life will die,
Or dormant in its prison lie.

Without the word and deed, the thought
Is to no blessed uses brought,
But quickly withers from the soul,
Vanishing beyond control.

Act to the purpose of thy heart,
And Providence, with wondrous art,
Shall fashion it to beauty there,
Transmuting all thy work and prayer,

Till it shall come to be thy life
Grown strong in every manly strife,
And, when the time is ripe, approve
Thee for the Master's work of love.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN;
OR,
PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

MAIDEN, beautiful as sunrise!

I adore her night and day:
Night and day where'er I wander,
She is ever on my way.

Tender maiden, watchful maiden,
Friend to me she is alway,
And with countenance angelic
All my baser thoughts doth fray.

Now she chides me and she guides me,
If by chance I go astray:
Then she scorns me and she warns me,
If to rest my head I lay.

Purer than the virgin dew-drops,
And more beautiful than they,
Clothed she is in lily-meekness
And a youth forever May.

Who would not rejoice to woo her,
Who is clad in such array?
Who would not rejoice to win her,
Who may never know decay?

Fairer maiden, rarer maiden,
Poet never may portray;
Purer maiden, truer maiden,
Never dwelt in mortal clay.

And such charms she always weareth,
And so modest to display!
Oh my airy, fairy maiden
Over me hath perfect sway!

Should King Oberon, the Fairy,
Haply from his kingdom stray,
And be questioned if he love her,
He could never answer nay;

Such his eager heart to woo her,
And her to his realm convey,
Where her beauty would enthrone her
Queen of every elf and fay.

Oh, her smile to me is better
Than the vintage of Tokay;
Better hours when I behold her
Than are ages of Cathay.

But, ah me! she e'er so coy is—
And I always hate delay—
Oft my heart grows dark within me,
Void of hope's celestial ray.

For when I would fain embrace her,
Blushingly she flits away,
Darting, glancing like a sunbeam,
As if mocking my dismay;

Leaving me, and then returning,
Like the sunlight in the spray;
And my soul is half distracted
With such Tantalus - survey.

Why will not the cruel maiden
Once my beauty-thirst allay?
Doth she stoop at last to vengeance,
Dooming me a castaway?

Airy maiden, fairy maiden,
Do not keep me thus at bay;
Linger yet a little, maiden;
Maiden, yet a little stay.

Ah, she will not deign to listen,
Though I sue and I inveigh;
Ah, she will not deign to listen,
Doth she then my love repay?

If I ask her if she love me,
Blushing she will nothing say,
Nothing answer to convince me,
Nothing, neither nay nor yea.

But retreating, softly fleeting,
Like a rainbow, heavenly gay,
She doth call me, she doth call me,
And I cannot but obey.

And as bold and eager-hearted
As a school-boy who at play,
Bright-hued butterflies in chasing
O'er the fragrant, new mown hay,

Vexed, successless, yet determined
On the capture of his prey,
Which allures him and eludes him,
Follow softly as he may;

I pursue my airy maiden
From the morning twilight grey,
Till the mists of evening gather,
And no conquest doth defray

All my yearnings and my heart-beats,
For she every art doth slay.
Yet with new and light endeavor,
To allure her I essay,

Purposing no base inaction
And no sluggard's welaway,
Till I touch the happy altar,
Crowned on with the fadeless bay.

And I think my heart grows better,
And I count not what I pay
For the airy chase and earthly,
Where she seemeth to betray;

For I feel if here I never
Win my maiden, as I pray,
I shall in yon sphere eternal
Fold her in my arms for aye;

Where the splendour of the virgin
Satisfies the heart straightway,
And the rhyme that never changes,
Fringes the Celestial Lay.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I.

AWAKE, O dreamers, rejoice, rejoice!

For the Kingdom of God is at hand,
And the call of the beautiful maiden's voice
Is blending with manhood's command.

The vision of fair and holy things

Will never conquer the world,
Without the faith which to heaven flings
The banner too brave to be furled.

In the shadowy field, where the battle is set,

Put on the armour of light,
And know ye the foes, who with valour are met,
Shall vanish with the night.

The day is at hand, and the wilderness
Echoes, Repent! repent!
And show ye the beauty of holiness
In doing the Lord's intent.

And the manly voice of the hermit John,
Is the voice of Christ in the land:
Repent!—all ages shall bear it on—
For the Kingdom of God is at hand.

III.

THE years are big with the things of fate,
The ages are piled with gold—
For the gold of God is it too late,
The world is so very old?

And men are starving, though bountiful store
Is offered through all the land,
Not heeding the cry for evermore,
The Kingdom of God is at hand.

The bread of God is just as sweet
As it was in the olden time,
And the hungry hearts, that freely eat,
Shall grow to a life sublime.

Alas, that Famine and Hate are abroad
And Wrong is a king with men,
When day and night are prayers to the Lord
For Mercy and Right again!

But men must suffer, and men must pray,
And the valiant saints strike home,
Until the cry of the Advent Day,
The Kingdom of God is come.

INTO HIS CHAMBERS.

“Thy love is better than wine.”

I APPROACHED the lordly chambers,
Which arose at God's command,
More majestic than all temples,
Poets find in fairy land.

I approached the lofty chambers,
Which for man are filled with good,
And with awe and fear upon me
At the sacred threshold stood.

“Oh for strength! and oh for courage!”
Was my spirit's silent prayer,
While the shifting light and darkness
Saw me standing lonely there;

Saw me standing, saw me waiting,
In the awful shadow there,
Till, as clouds, my fears departing,
Faded in the viewless air.

Then it was no longer doubting,
That I sealed the happy choice;
And a coward tongue unloosing,
Echoed then a fearless voice:

I will pass the golden portals
And explore each secret part,
For I long to find a solace
For my yearning, aching heart.

Then I issued from the darkness,
I so long a plodding fool,
And the King in mercy led me
Through the open vestibule;

And I passed the golden portals
Which I ne'er had passed before,
Entered then the lofty chambers
Where is love forever more.

And the music of low voices,
 Floating cheerily to me,
Added knowledge unto knowledge
 Touching immortality.

And I felt my spirit glowing,
 Joyous in its new-born power,
As a bud which in its blowing
 Feels itself at last a flower.

Lord, defend Thou me, Thy servant,
 With Thine everlasting grace,
Till I in Thy chambers yonder,
 Hail the brightness of Thy face.

Thine be all the praise and glory
 Which through Christ I bring to men!
Mine be but to tell His story,
 Till I breathe my last Amen!

THE BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

"The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Of all the wonderful plants that grow
On mountain, in forest and field,
There are verily none of which I know
Whose generous blossoms yield
One-half the fragrance, one-half so sweet,
As the Beautiful Plant that I daily meet.

It blooms the first in the vernal time,
And gay at the coming of June;
It ever outlives the Summer's prime:
And when the Autumn-winds tune
Their organs to play the dirge of death,
It scorneth and shunneth their blasting breath.

When Nature at length is in burial array,
Her children all gone to the tomb,
Will it ever know that wickedest day

When it shall be out of its bloom?
Oh, no; for every to-morrow doth bring
To my Beautiful Plant the return of Spring.

It drinketh the wine from the cup of morn,
And trembles with rare delight;
And the loving stars at even born
Look down from their homes of light,
And unto my heart forever say,
Thou hast the beauty that lives for aye.

And when I go forth to the strife of the world,
And join the hurry and din,
With banners of light in my soul unfurled,
I forget not that men are kin,
Throughout the one great household of God,
Awake on earth or asleep in the sod.

The present, the past, and the future are mine,
And I am no longer my own:
All things I behold in the light divine,
Where nothing is ever alone,
And beauty flows forth unto eager eyes
Surveying the earth or piercing the skies.

In the world's isolation I cannot move,
When I catch the glory of all
That is meant by Universal Love,
To push from the heart the wall
Which is builded of hate and fear and doubt,
And fences immortal companions out.

My Beautiful Plant, a through my heart
Diffuses such glory and cheer,
I would never more from the garden depart
Where it blossoms through all the year,
And daily, I think, becomes more fair,
Receiving the kisses of purer air.

Oh who does not nourish so holy a thing
Is the poorest and vilest of all!
Though he live unchallenged a very king,
And a world respond to his call.
Ah, such, I fear, when the earth is behind,
The garden immortal will never find;

For this plant is akin to the Tree of Life,
Blossoming under its shade,
And serving to sweeten the toil and strife

Which the Tempter for us has made,
Until at last we climb by its power
So high as to pluck the heavenly dower.

And then in truth of such wondrous worth,
Its roots so deep in the soul,
That when we are weary and done with the
earth,
It will go with us over the goal;
And there at length, in its native clime,
It will reach with its kindred a growth sublime.

REWARD AND REST.

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

YEAR by year the world grows older,
Year by year the end draws nigh.
Will the hearts of men be colder
When the Lord descends the sky?
Soon the days will fill their number,
Soon be here the time for rest;
Rouse ye, rouse ye from your slumber,
Do the work that is the best:
Ever as with meek behaviour,
Looking for the Lord and Saviour,
In the brightness of His favour
Finding Him reward and rest.

Year by year the day approaches
When the Saviour will return.
See ye that no sin encroaches,
Ye that for His coming yearn.

Have ye aught to do for neighbour,
Do it ere the time for rest;
Going forth to toil and labour,
Do the work that is the best:
Ever as with meek behaviour,
Looking for the Lord and Saviour,
In the brightness of His favour
Finding Him reward and rest.

Help ye, help ye one another,
If ye seek the Golden Year;
Greet in every man a brother,
Oh, how soon will it be here!
Journeying a little longer,
Doing that which is the best,
We shall all be growing stronger
Till we enter into rest:
Ever as with meek behaviour,
Looking for the Lord and Saviour,
In the brightness of His favour
Finding Him reward and rest.

What! and will ye idly linger
In this strange and hostile land?

At the road-side see the Finger
Pointing to the Golden Strand
Rich in all eternal treasures,
Purest, fairest, and the best,
Radiant with those endless pleasures
Which are joy, reward and rest:
Ever as with meek behaviour,
Looking for the Lord and Saviour,
In the brightness of His favour
Finding Him reward and rest.

Death will seek us in the valley,
Darkness there will gather fast;
But angelic hosts will rally
Till the shadows all are past.
Death will take but our defilement,
Only that which breaketh rest;
Turning from the world's beguilement,
Seek we then what is the best:
Ever as with meek behaviour,
Looking for the Lord and Saviour,
In the brightness of His favour
Finding Him reward and rest.

THE ETERNAL SONG.

“And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.”

COMETH soon the day desirèd long,
Cometh soon the triumph over wrong,
When we sing the one eternal song.

Lo! when heaven and earth shall both remove,
Cometh then Jerusalem above
Where the banner over all is love.

Oh the heights to which the saints shall climb!
Oh the wonders of that coming time,
Wonders for our telling too sublime!

Heaven and earth renewed, from crowns as
bright
As is God’s all-flaming, endless light,
Flash their beauty in the face of Night,

Till she from the universe away
Hastes to hide herself in that decay
Which shall have no resurrection day.

Soul! arise and see the splendour come!
For the painting of that fadeless home,
Voice and heart without the Lord are dumb.

John in Patmos saw the blessed sight,
An immortal and divine delight,
For unhallowed eyes too pure and bright.

New Jerusalem, a coming down,
City matchless in her fair renown,
Bringing for each valiant saint a crown.

What is that great voice which followed then?
Lo! God's tabernacle is with men.
Former things shall be no more again;

No more weeping—pain and death are done,
Who hath overcome hath all things won,
And shall ever be to God a son.

O my soul, hear thou that other voice,
And remember what hath been thy choice,
Ere thou lift a heart that may rejoice!

Lo ! the fearful, unbelievers all,
Liars, they who down to idols fall,
Know the death whence there is no recall ! —

Know the second death, which is the fire
Of a vanished season to aspire,
Burning, burning, in a vain desire.

Oh the terrors, when they vainly call
On the mountains and the rocks to fall
On them as annihilation's pall !

Help me, God, to shun that second death !
Help me while on earth I draw my breath !
Help me learn and do what Jesu saith !

Hast thou chosen that eternal part,
Then at length is thine, O valiant heart,
Joy that shall not ever more depart.

Lift thine eyes and feast them on the grace
Honour, riches in that radiant place,
Thine, when thou hast ended here thy race.

Get thee to a mountain great and high,
Get thee, O my soul, where best thine eye
Tracks the glory flaming down the sky.

City after an eternal plan ;
City which the Lord's dear mercies span,
Bow, my heart, before this love to man !

Gates look North and South and East and West,
All unfolding what is fairest, best,
Light and truth and everlasting rest.

Jasper walls are there, and golden pave,
Of the sun and moon no need they have ;
All the Lamb and God with glory lave.

Hark ! hark ! hear that mighty rush of song,
From all souls that love has made so strong ;
Hark, and learn the notes which they prolong ! -

Song of Moses and the Lamb they raise,
Pouring forth to God eternal praise,
Who is just and true in all His ways.

Moses and the Lamb with never taints !
Theirs the chant they lift without complaints :
Just and true Thy ways are, King of saints.

Moses ! servant unto God below,
Mercies in His judgments thou did'st know,
Fountain whence eternal praises flow.

Lamb! who suffered'st here upon the cross,
And did'st purge away our sin and dross,
God in Thee did show the gain of loss.

Hear their voices who His Kingdom trod,
With the preparation of the Gospel shod:
Great and marvellous Thy works, O God!

See them cast their crowns before the Throne,
Service which by them on earth was shown,
There at length unto perfection grown!

Looking back from new Jerusalem,
Know they with the Lord their diadem,
Tribulation was but love to them.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints
When she chants the death of all complaints:
Just and true Thy ways are, King of saints!

Soul! arise and gird thine armour on.
Has the light of God within thee shone,
Linger not the rugged ways upon.

Thorns and crags and dangers, what are they
But prophetic of the fadeless bay,
Which the eager brow would wear for aye!

God through love shall make the mountains low;
God through love shall cause the depths to grow
Heights which everlasting sunshine know.

Hast thou gained some triumph in the Lord,
Thinking more of coveted reward
Than of faithfulness unto His Word?

Hast thou ever drunk the cup of bitterness,
Flowing with the gall of deep distress,
When thou seemd'st to sink from less to less?

Tell me, thou with Christ within thy heart,
What thou thinkest of that olden smart,
And the triumph where thou hadst a part?

Rose I in my joy, and rising fell.
From my grief I rose too high to tell!
God be praised who doeth all things well.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints,
When she chants the death of all complaints:
Just and true thy ways are, King of saints!

Girded in the armour of His light,
Take, my soul, thy rank amid the fight,
Counting on the triumph of the right.

What though clouds shall clasp thee in their bath?
What though night shall gloom along the path,
Where the Lord's the only guide one hath?

Fling thy splendour on the darkness here,
Till the ways of God becoming clear,
Banish from thy bosom every fear.

What though cruel things upon thee press,
Resting as a burden of distress,
Till thou cry, alas! for righteousness?

Recognize the long extended hand,
Moulding thee as for a purpose grand;
Fail not thou to do the Lord's command,

Knowing as thou lookest forth afar,
Life and death and all things glory are,
God's and His who flames the Morning Star.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints,
When she chants the death of all complaints:
JUST AND TRUE THY WAYS ARE, KING OF SAINTS!

THE DAY OF GOD.

ARE ye with the preparation
Of the Gospel shod,
Fear ye not the tribulation
Of the day of God!
He will come in all the glory
Of a smiling face,
And rehearse the happy story
Of a day of grace.

Are ye with no preparation
Of the Gospel shod,
Then, alas! the tribulation
Of the day of God!
He will come, but in the glory
Of a frowning face,
And recall the fearful story
Of His wasted grace.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

I.

My SAVIOUR, when I think of Thee,
And all thou didst for love of me,
I cry for grace that I may know
How I Thy love may others show.

For this, O Lord, is mine to do,
And to my work I would be true,
To lead Thine erring ones to see
Thou lovest them as well as me.

Do Thou in this my efforts aid,
And with Thy love my soul pervade,
Until a guiding flame it burn
And wandering ones to Thee return.

Do Thou in this my labour bless,
And many unto righteousness
Shall I at length, O Lord, incline,
And as the stars forever shine.

III.

O ye that have received so long
The tidings of great joy,
Will ye do naught to make them strong
Who are in God's employ?

When Joshua's hands were held on high,
How Israel's host prevailed!
When at his side they fell, the cry,
Defeat! all hearts assailed.

Ye are the children of the Word,
And will ye weakness be?
Cheer ye the fathers in the Lord,
And cheer them manfully!

Freely through them ye have received
From the dear Lord of all:
Their costliest treasures are indeed
Forever at your call.

Give back the strength of your new hearts,
Their weary hands uphold;
And look! the gloom of night departs,
Faint souls once more are bold.

III.

Pastors with Christ's own sandals shod,
To make the world more fair,
Like Abraham, the Friend of God,
Go forth, not knowing where.

Workers together with the Lord
They labour at their best,
Forever faithful to His Word,
And that alone is rest.

Like Judah's Lion firm they stand
In their appointed place,
And like the Lamb through all the land
They carry grace for grace.

O all ye people, pray for them
Who choose a servant's part,
And ye shall be their diadem
And God shall be their heart.

A GREAT DEATH.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, as I trust shall never be put out."

The words of Latimer at the stake.

I.

MEN, it is said, when peaceful death approaches,
Sometimes look forth as with illumined eyes:
The conscience is at rest, with no reproaches,
And blessedness drops from the opened skies.

And it is true; I cease thereat to wonder;
For when I think upon the chariot-flame
Which is triumphantly to bear us yonder,
I have experience I cannot name.

As looking forward to His sure returning,
Whom I have served for many and many a year,
To satisfy unutterable yearning,
To see Him as He is, I have no fear;

So, looking back upon a life of sorrow
And joy, in which all contradictions met,
So ignorant and vexed about the morrow,
Ridley, I have no feeling of regret.

The view is beautiful in each direction;
On either hand the beauty is divine,
The bright and unmistakable reflection
Of Him who was, and is, and will be mine.

Amid my prayers there is a rush of voices
From out the silence of the coming years.
God! God! how this uplifted heart rejoices
What time the music falls upon my ears!

Have I not prayed, have I not toiled and waited
For some true glimmer of the better day?
Have I not yearned for holiness, and hated
Whatever seemed to push that time away?

Now is the travail of my soul rewarded!
Some vision of the blessed day is mine:
The triumphs of the Church are all recorded
Upon the tablets of the Will Divine.

No longer into warring hosts dividing,
In Zion all the saints shall find one home,
For judgment in the living God confiding,
With prayer as from one heart, THY KINGDOM COME!

Come! Come! that is the end of all my praying,
Which has no echo of the world's complaints.
Lord Jesus, come! and, with no more delaying,
Uplift me to my place among the saints.

Death is not death! I catch the inspiration
Of life—a life that is not wholly new—
And hear that blessed song's reverberation
Which in the silence of the world I knew.

O song of rest!—earth-notes it has no longer—
Where God is both beginning and the end,
Where love of Him is ever growing stronger,
And praise and service always interblend!

That is enough while here to know of Heaven,
Enough, enough for me to know when there;
Of what God gave account shall now be given,
And long ago I heard the voice, Prepare!

One moment more of earth and all is over.
Ridley, companion of my later years,
Play thou the man, and let the world discover
Thou hast no kindred in ignoble fears.

Long has it been our new-born life to handle
God's Word, and put the hosts of hell to rout;
And now triumphant death shall light a candle,
The glory of whose flame shall not go out.

II.

Behold with prophet-eyes a battle raging
In yonder sky from morning until night,
The sun, the clouds, a serried host, engaging,
That old, old strife of darkness and the light.

Servant of God, the sun, he never pauses.
Although the phalanx of the clouds obscure
His face to eyes below, unharmed his cause is.
His glory beams above all bright and pure.

He shines, shines on, and through the darkness
burning,

Forces his way to the expectant earth;

Lo, as it bursts, his triumph of returning,

Nature the more rejoices in his worth.

And when the heart-beats of the day are over,
How does the monarch at the battle's close,
With all the glory of his triumph cover
The clouds, and sink to beautiful repose!

So fought with evil here, so entered
The most heroic soul that England knows,
The realm of rest to which his thoughts all centred;
So on the world his splendour still he throws.

Let it burn on, forever on, the candle
Of that brave death and strong heroic life,
To cheer unnumbered souls, what time they handle
Their weapons, girded for the world's great strife!

How it has shone through years more than three
hundred,

What time so many storms have swept the sky,
And cannon of the world have flashed and thundered,
Whom it has cheered and blest, is known on high.

Above the light of earth, fed by the Morning
Star with the faith of Paul, the love of John,
Cheerful, imperishable, all-adorning,
To God's great triumphs may it still lead on,

Until the Learning that is new forever,
Whose fountain is the precious blood of Christ,
Shall knit the nations in one grand endeavour,
All with the knowledge of the Lord sufficed.

Forever be it kept alight, the candle
Of that brave death and strong heroic life,
To cheer, when we are gone, the souls that handle
Their weapons, girded for the world's great strife.

O DAUGHTER OF ZION.

O DAUGHTER of Zion,
When proudly Orion
Illumines the East,
Then one that is least
Of the children of God
Who His Kingdom have trod,
Is thinking of thee,
And what is to be
In that beautiful time
When the world grows sublime.

O Daughter of Zion,
When proudly Orion
Illumines the West,
Then One I love best
Of the children of God
Who His Kingdom have trod,
Is a light in my heart
That has found the good part

Which shall not for aye
Be taken away.

O Daughter of Zion,
Through strength of the Lion
That from Judah once came,
With the sign of His name,
Lift His children below,
In Thy love all aglow,
To the Kingdom of God,
Which by all shall be trod,
In the beautiful time
When the world grows sublime.

O DAUGHTER OF ZION !
THE STRENGTH OF THE LION
Who from Judah arose,
To eternal repose
In the Kingdom above
Shall upraise us through love,
A numberless throng
For triumph of song;
On mountains of light
Where never is night.

THE TROUBLED HEART.

GREAT Searcher of the troubled heart,
I bow before Thy Throne,
And pray Thee make my doubts depart,
Till I am all Thine own.

Shine through the sky of my dark soul,
Bring from the night the day,
Until the clouds and darkness roll
Forevermore away.

O Thou, in whom I trust, believe,
Who am of sinners chief,
My heart's strong; wrestling prayer receive,
And help my unbelief.

The blindness which for Thomas' sake,
Thou didst of old remove,
Do Thou from me in mercy take,
And melt my heart with love.

A LEGEND OF SAINT THOMAS.

SAINT THOMAS the day of his Festival,
The briefest of the year,
Was looking down from Paradise
Through the frosty air and clear.

His eye, the eye of heaven that morn,
Was of worshippers in quest,
And travelled afar through all the North
And South and East and West.

At length his ear he bended low,
To catch the sounds that came
From a beautiful and lofty church
Which bore his very name.

It was no organ-peal he heard,
No voice of praise or prayer;
Nor was it the blessed Word of God
Which rung through the arches there.

There was no low-bowed priest within,
There was no reverence;
And the holy angels there had said
"Arise, let us go hence."

The hearts of the angels who came to see
What honour Saint Thomas had,
And gather the odours of prayer and praise,
Were heavy, that day, and sad.

They only beheld a noisy throng
Who were binding wreaths to grace
The house of God for Christmas-tide,
At a sacred time and place:

As if they honoured the Holy Child
By what was another's loss!
As if it absolved from irreverence,
The making of garland and cross!

Then quickly the Saint from Paradise
Came down the wintry sky,
And his form which in the window stood
Was a glory to every eye.

His face was a heavenly beauty there
Of which the artist dreamed,
That never before until that day
Had more than mortal seemed.

The gazers ceased their nimble work,
The hum of voices died ;
All wondered what was shining there
Which the place so glorified.

And more and more the wonder grew,
Until Saint Thomas saw
Fast creeping on from face to face
A shadow of breathless awe.

They knew not the Saint was looking in
Through the beautiful window there ;
But something whispered from heart to heart,
“ My house is a house of prayer.”

And something guided many a hand
Until from the church they bore
All that unhallowed the sacred place,
And order reigned once more.

And lo! the angels all came back,
And their hearts at length were glad,
When they gathered the odours of prayer and saw
What honour Saint Thomas had.

LONGING.

WHO, who does not long for the Kingdom of God,
The realm which the wise of all ages have trod,
When striving with sin and combatting with sense,
Jehovah their helmet and shield of defense.

O, who does not long for the Kingdom of God,
The realm which the meek of all ages have trod,
Where Christ, the Good Shepherd, so true to His
charge,

Keeps watch on the weary, their strength to enlarge.

O, who does not long for the Kingdom of God,
The realm where the brave of all ages have trod,
And labored in faith, and been victors in love
Through the might of their heirship to glory above.

Who, who does not long for the Kingdom of God,
The realm which the Saints of all ages have trod,
Who now in their triumph are crowned with their
Lord,

And rest in the truth of His glorious Word.

WHAT THE WATCHMAN SAID.

“ Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.”

“ MORNING cometh, also night.”

Watchman, which shall I expect?
“ Faithful and heroic, light

Will reveal thee God’s elect.”

“ Morning cometh, also night.”

Watchman, which is it to be?

“ Love and labour with thy might,

All good things will dawn for thee.”

“ Morning cometh, also night.”

Watchman, can I my desire?

“ Unto neighbour do the right,

Thou canst to the best aspire.”

“ Morning cometh, also night.”

Watchman, what shall be my part?

“ Truth and Mercy thy delight,

Christ shall cradle in thy heart.”

THE NATIVITY.

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS; FOR HE SHALL
SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR SINS."

THE banners of light are unfurled,
The darkness is sovereign no more,
And tidings of joy to the world
Are speeding from shore unto shore.

For Bethlehem's plains have beheld
A wonderful, beautiful sight,
Which prophets foreshadowed of old,
A new and eternal delight.

The Babe in a manger is laid,
For such was Thy cradle, dear Lord,
And shepherds, their charge now obeyed,
Are spreading the wonder abroad.

O spread it abroad till the day
The Christ shall be born in all hearts,
And humility rise to the sway
Where pride with its folly departs.

THE SHEPHERDS.

O SHEPHERDS watching flocks by night,
How bursts upon your startled sight,
The glory of the heavenly light!

Ye see the splendour of the sky
Down streaming into mortal eye,
And every heart doth wonder why.

But hark! what voice is that ye hear,
Than mortal accents far more clear,
Like strange, sweet music to the ear?

Fear not! It is an angel's voice:
He speaks to make the world rejoice,
And ye of heralds are his choice.

Good tidings of great joy brings he,
Which shall unto all people be
Till they from sin and death be free;

For unto you this winter morn
A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born,
Who Satan of his realm hath shorn.

And Bethlehem doth now behold
The Babe the prophets saw of old
Before the ages were unrolled.

And lo! His angels throng the sky
Where voice to voice doth make reply,
"Be glory now to God on high."

And dearer words than tongue or pen
May ever speak or write again,
"Peace! peace on earth, good will to men."

As soon as e'er the sky is grey
With tokens of the coming day,
The wondering shepherds go their way

In silence and with one accord,
To seek their Saviour and their Lord,
According to the Angel's word.

Behold, all in the lowly place
They find the more than mortal Grace
And look upon His radiant face.

The tribute of meek hearts they bring,
The first to fall aworshipping
The long-desired, the new-born King.

And finding such divine reward,
The wonder of the infant Lord
They carry hence and spread abroad.

O hearts that beat in latter days
And lift no voice of prayer or praise,
Heed ye what now God's angel says.

He bringeth every lowly heart
Good tidings of the better part.
Oh, straightway from your sins depart!

Approach, approach the lowly shrine
Where more than mortal glories shine,
And henceforth know the light divine.

And when your grateful souls are full
Of all that is most beautiful,
How quick will they grow dutiful,

And in among the ranks of men
In burning words of tongue or pen,
Sow all their harvest store again!

CHRISTMAS MORN.

AWAKE! and prepare for the sight
Of more than a mortal delight;
For Bethlehem's plains are aglow
With what we may nevermore know.

God's angels are filling the sky,
Their voices are sounding on high;
And shepherds in wonderment there
Are hearing the message they bear.

And lo! the good tidings of joy
Are destined all hearts to employ,
Till in them the Saviour is born,
As erst on the beautiful morn.

Remembering morning is here
When Christ in the heart would appear,
Arise, and behold the delight,
And gird thee with garments of light!

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

THE Beautiful Child of the Highest

At length on the earth has appeared;
And they who to Him are the nighest
The most by His beauty are cheered.

Come near, O ye sorrowful mortals,

And put your deformity off;
For He is the way to the portals
Where we our mortality doff.

Behold Him now low in the Manger,

The marvellous Brother of all!
Adown in this Valley of Danger
He lifteth us up from our fall.

Adown in this Valley of Sorrow

His beauty illuminates the strife.
Oh what for to-day and to-morrow?
A beautiful infinite life!

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

IT is the helebore
Which blooms forevermore
On merry Christmas Day,
Reminding us of One
Then born a Virgin's Son,
To take our sins away.

The death its leaves within
Is but the death of sin;
Which death to die, was born
The pure and guiltless Child
Who Justice reconciled
And oped the gates of morn,

What time a crimson flame
Throughout a world of shame,

Did purge away the dross,
And leave the blood-red gold
Whose worth cannot be told,
He purchased on the cross!

And thus a prophecy
Of Him on Calvary,
Who took our sins away,
Is that fair purple flower
Which hath of death the power
And blooms on Christmas Day.

THE FIVE NAMES.

“ His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.”

FIVE names, known ere the earth
Was hallowed by His birth,
As heralds of His great renown,
Flash from the Saviour’s crown.

Who knows what they contain
Has risen to life again,
And built his house upon the Rock,
No more to suffer shock.

For he has found the fruit
Which grows from David’s root;
Its taste is wisdom unto him,
His eyes no more are dim:

He sees through life and death,
He breaths Celestial breath;
And in the Master’s service here
He greets the Golden Year.

I.

WONDERFUL.

ONE with the Good and True and Fair,
The soul of all their mysteries,
Lord of the land and sea and air,
Yime and eternity were His.

Before the earth and heavens were made
For men and angels' dwelling-place,
His was the Sceptre that was swayed
Through the infinitude of space.

But lo! the chiefest wonder lies
Fathomless in th' Incarnate Word.
Though His great heart outspanned the skies,
A Manger held the Infant Lord.

And when the Child to manhood grew
And stood for us in Adam's stead,
He all our grief and sorrow knew
And had not where to lay His head!

III.

COUNSELLOR.

O WEARY heavy laden ones,
He bids you come to Him for rest.
And through all time His counsel runs
And points to that which is the best.

Eternal Truth! Eternal Life!
To these He is the only Way.
All other paths bring fruitless strife,
Return and go no more astray.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
All things are ready for the feast.
He welcomes every wanderer home,
He gives His bounty to the least.

Yea, from His place in yonder House
In which the many mansions are,
He bids His children here arouse
And for the waiting feast prepare.

III.

THE MIGHTY GOD.

Of old He came unto His own;
His own, His own, received Him not.
When all the wealth of heaven was shown,
How did they cry, 'Tis naught, 'tis naught!

The Light amid the darkness shone,
Children of darkness did not see.
Then He for blindness did atone,
The sin that curses you and me.

Behold, He put with wondrous love
The Godhead's radiant crown aside;
Lord of the shining realm above
For you and me and all He died.

His children here He loved so well
He showed the Mighty God was He,
And burst the very gates of hell
To gain for them the victory.

IV.

THE EVERLASTING FATHER.

He is the Everlasting One,
The Father of the fatherless,
Known in the Well-Beloved Son
Who doth the world forever bless.

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The greatness of Eternal Love.
While stars shall shine, moons wax and wane,
He sends His angels from above,

To find His sorrowing children out
In their low dwellings of despair,
From all their hearts to banish doubt,
And make them brave and true and fair.

When suns shall cease to rise and set,
When earth and sea shall be no more,
He will remain our Father yet,
To greet us on the nightless shore.

v.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

THE tenderest and sweetest Name
Whose fragrance will for aye increase,
Is His who to my bosom came
And bade the strife and tumult cease.

Prophets beheld His far-off reign,
And in the sight did they rejoice.
Apostles on the stormy main
Marvelled at His peace-bringing voice.

O Prince of Peace! when Thou art near,
The troubles of the world depart.
I have no other friend so dear,
And Thou alone must keep my heart!

Keep it, oh keep it though the power
And sweetness of Thine Advent psalm,
And when earth's storms and tempests lower
I still shall know abiding calm.

SAINT STEPHEN.

PRAISE GOD for that dear Martyr,
The first of all the host
Who earth for heaven barter,
To love the Master most;
And chief of sons and daughters
Triumphant over pain,
Who cast upon the waters
The bread that comes again.

The nearest to the Saviour
Who poured his blood for all,
And like Him in behaviour,
We keep his festival,
In love of his devotion
To Him who went before,
Through Whom we seek the portion
For all the saints in store.

We all in joy remember
The valour of his life,
Which kindling every ember,
Gives ardour to the strife,
In which of old the Master
Dropped victory on one
Who through the world's disaster
Now shineth as the sun.

There was not one divining,
When Stephen's face so fair
Was like an angel's shining,
Whom he saw standing there
In that high place of glory,
All at the father's side,
Above heroic story,
In that for foes he died.

O strong young man, and burning
For slaughter of the saints,
To that brave martyr turning
Thou didst not hear complaints;
But grace to him was given
To gain thy pardon there,
What time he went to heaven
Upon the wings of prayer.

O Paul once filled with loathing
At that bold Nazarene,
When at thy feet the clothing
Was laid, what did that mean?—
But that on thee his spirit
Would like a mantle fall,
Who through the Saviour's merit
Wast soon the chief of all?

The saint is yet a mountain
Against the wrath of foes;
His heart is still a fountain
From whence devotion flows.
His blood has many a harvest
In all the ages brought.
O foolish one that starvest,
He did not live for naught.

Thank God for that dear Martyr,
The first of all the host
Who earth for heaven barter,
To love the Saviour most;
And chief of sons and daughters
Triumphant over pain,
Who cast upon the waters
The bread that comes again.

A LEGEND OF SAINT JOHN.

THERE is a beautiful legend
Come down from ancient time,
Of John, the beloved disciple,
With the marks of his life sublime.

Eusebius has the story
On his quaint, suggestive page;
And God in the hearts of His people
Has preserved it from age to age.

It was after the vision in Patmos,
After the sanctified love
Which flowed to the Seven Churches,
Glowing with light from above:

When his years had outrun the measure
Allotted to men at the best,
And Peter and James and the others
Had followed the Master to rest:

At Ephesus came a message
Where he was still at his post,
Which unto the aged Apostle
Was the voice of the Holy Ghost.

Into the country he hastened
With all the ardour of youth,
Shod with the preparation
Of the Gospel of peace and truth.

His mission was one of mercy
To the sheep that were scattered abroad,
And abundant consolation,
Which flowed through him from the Lord.

Oh, would my art could paint him,
The venerable man of God,
So lovingly showing and treading
The way the Master had trod.

At length when the service was ended,
His eye on a young man fell,
Of beautiful form and feature
And grace we love so well.

At once he turned to the bishop,
And said with a love unpriced,
"To thee, to thee I commit him
Before the Church and Christ."

He then returned to the city,
The beloved disciple, John,
Where the strong unceasing current
Of his deathless love flowed on.

The bishop discharged his duty
To the youth so graceful and fair;
With restraining hand he held him,
And trained him with loving care.

At last when his preparation
Was made for the holy rite,
He was cleansed in the sanctified water
And pronounced a child of light.

For a time he adorned the doctrine
Which Christ in the Church has set.
But, alas, for a passionate nature
When Satan has spread his net!

Through comrades base and abandoned
He was lured from day to day,
Until, like a steed unbridled,
He struck from the rightful way:

And a wild consuming passion
Raised him unto the head
Of a mighty band of robbers,
Of all the country the dread:

Time passed. Again a message
Unto the Apostle was sent,
To set their affairs in order
And tell them the Lord's intent.

And when he had come and attended
To all that needed his care,
He turned him and said, "Come, Bishop,
Give back my deposit so rare."

"What deposit?" was the answer
Which could not confusion hide.
"I demand the soul of a brother,"
Plainly the Apostle replied,

“ Which Christ and I committed
Before the Church to thee.”

Trembling and even weeping,

“ The young man is dead,” groaned he.

“ How dead? what death?” John demanded.

“ He the way of the tempter trod,
Forgetting the Master’s weapon,
And now he is dead unto God.

“ Yonder he roves a robber.”

“ A fine keeper,” said John, “ indeed,
Of a brother’s soul. Get ready
A guide and a saddled steed.”

And all as he was the Apostle
Into the region rode
Where the robber youth and captain
Had fixed his strong abode.

When hardly over the border,
He a prisoner was made,
And into their leader’s presence,
Demanded to be conveyed.

And he who could brave a thousand
When each was an enemy,
Beholding John approaching,
Turned him in shame to flee.

But John of his age forgetful,
Pursued him with all his might.
"Why from thy defenceless father,"
He cried, "dost thou turn in flight?"

"Fear not: there is hope and a refuge,
And life shall yet be thine.
I will intercede with the Master
And task His love divine."

Subdued by love that is stronger
Than was ever an armèd band,
He became once more to the Father
A child to feel for His hand.

Subdued by love that is stronger
Than a world full of terrors and fears,
He returned to the House of the Father
A through the baptism of tears.

Such is the beautiful legend
Come down from ancient days,
Of love that is young forever,
And is he not blind who says,

That charity ever faileth,
Or doth for a moment despair,
Or that there is any danger
Too great for her to dare;

When John, the beloved disciple,
With the faith of the Gospel shod,
Went forth in pursuit of the robber
And brought him back to God?

O Church whose strength is the doctrine
Of the blessed Evangelist,
This doctrine of love undying
Which the world cannot resist,

Be thy life forever girded
With works that are loving and grand,
To remain for the generations
The praises of God in the land!

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

“Rachel, weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not.”

I HAVE heard the voice in Ramah,
And with sorrow we are not done;
For thine is the bitterest mourning,
Mourning for an only son!

And what shall I utter to comfort
The heart that is dearest of all?
Too young for the losses and crosses?
Too young for the rise and the fall?

Oh, yes; we own it, we own it;
But not too young for the grace
That was so nameless and blameless,
For the yearning and tender embrace!

He hung, he hung on thy bosom
In that happiest weariest hour,
A dear little bird to its blossom,
The beautiful dutiful flower.

And thus he grew by its sweetness,
He grew by its sweetness so
That smile unto smile responded—
But a little while ago!

And you—and I?—were happy
In many a vision fair
Of a ripe and glorious manhood
Which the world and we should share.

In a little while the patter
Of two little feet was heard;
And many a look it cheered us,
A look that was more than a word.

In a little while he uttered
The words we longed to hear;
And mamma and papa blessed him
With a blessing of hope and fear.

In a little while he budded,
A bud of the promising spring,
And oh for the beautiful blossom,
And oh for the fruit it will bring!

Oh the joy they never may know it,
Who never have parents been,
The joy of a swelling bosom,
With a growing light within:

A light that is soft and tender,
And growing in strength and grace,
Which wreathes a form that is slender
And glows in a dear little face!

But life it knoweth the shadow,
The shadow as well as the shine;
For the one it follows the other,
And both together are thine

For the bud it never unfolded,
The light it flickered away,
And whose is the power to utter
The grief of that bitterest day?

His form is yet before me,
With the fair and lofty brow,
And the day since last we kissed it—
Is it long since then and now?

Dearest, it seems but a minute,
Though winter has twice spread the snow,
Meek purity's mantle to cover
The one that is resting below.

In the acre of God, that is yonder,
And unto the west his head,
He sleepeth the sleep untroubled,
With one to watch at his bed.

For the bright and guardian angel
Who beholdeth the Father's face,
Doth stand as a sentinel watching
O'er the dear one's resting place;

Doth stand as a sentinel guarding
The dust of the precious dead,
Till at length the trumpet soundeth,
When the years of the world are sped;

And the throng which cannot be numbered
Put on their garments of white,
And gird themselves for the glory
Of a realm that hath no night.

And so he is gone, the darling,
And the dream so fair and vain,
Whose light has faded to darkness,
We shall never dream again !

Never? Is the earth the limit
To bright and beautiful hope?
If the world brings not fruition,
Must we in darkness grope?

Oh no! There is expectation
Which the grave cannot control;
There is boundless infinite promise
For the living and deathless soul.

And the darling who left us early,
May yonder grow a man;
In deeds of the great Hereafter
He may take his place in the van.

Oh, if thine is the bitterest mourning,
Mourning for an only son,
Believe that in God, the Giver,
Thy darling his course begun;

Believe that in God, the Taker,
His course forever will be;
For this is the blessed comfort,
The comfort for thee and me.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

A SURE foundation I have found,
That will not yield to any shock:
O God, Thy grace doth so abound
My house is built upon a rock.

Though rains descend with rushing sound
Like steeds, and fountains all unlock,
All's well! for grace doth so abound
My house is built upon a rock.

Though floods lift up their hands around,
And at my door in anger knock,
All's well! for grace doth so abound
My house is built upon a rock.

Though winds their many trumpets sound,
Their mighty fierceness I can mock:
O God, Thy grace doth so abound
My house is built upon a rock.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

“Old things have passed away; ‘behold, all things have become new.’”

OLD things have passed away!
Tell me, my soul, to-day,
Along the way the Master trod
If thou art nearer God!

Old things have passed away!
Tell me, my soul, to day,
What new things thou rememberest,
That give thee joy and rest!

Old things have passed away!
Tell me, my soul, to-day,
What things eternal thou hast done,
What triumphs thou hast won!

Old things have passed away!
Tell me, my soul, to-day,
What from the endless Year of Christ
Has more than erst sufficed!

THE CIRCUMCISION.

DEPART, O vileness of the flesh,
My soul must not be mangled.
Depart, ye sins that are a mesh,
Where life is oft entangled.

Be gone, O grossest things of earth,
God wills your circumcision.
Be gone, what keeps me from the birth
Unto the joys Elysian.

Approach, and make me pure and fair,
O thou divinest Angel,
Down sweeping from celestial air
To be the Lord's Evangel!

Come! Come and do your work for me,
Ye seven refining spirits,
Till I the waiting Mansion see,
Clothed with my Saviour's merits.

THE TRAVELLER.

A ballad for the Circumcision and New-Year Day.

OH, did you not see him that over the snow
Came on with a pace so cautious and slow? —

That measured his step to a pendulum-tick,
Arriving in town when the darkness was thick?

I saw him last night, with locks so gray,
A little way off, as the light died away.

And I knew him at once, so often before
Had he silently, mournfully passed at my door.

He must be cold and weary, I said,
Coming so far, with that measured tread.

I will urge him to linger awhile with me
Till his withering chill and weariness flee.

A story—who knows?—he may deign to rehearse,
And when he is gone I will put it in verse.

I turned to prepare for the coming guest,
With curious troublous thoughts oppressed.

The window I cheered with the taper's glow
Which glimmered afar o'er the spectral snow.

My anxious care the hearth-stone knew,
And the red flames leaped and beckoned anew.

But chiefly myself, with singular care,
Did I for the hoary presence prepare.

Yet with little success, as I paced the room,
Did I labour to banish a sense of gloom.

My thoughts were going and coming like bees,
With store from the year's wide-stretching leas,

Some laden with honey, some laden with gall,
And into my heart they dropped it all!

O miserable heart! at once overrun
With the honey and gall thou can'st not shun.

O wretched heart! in sadness I cried,
Where is thy trust in the Crucified?

And in wrestling prayer did I labour long
That the Mighty One would make me strong.

That prayer was more than a useless breath:
It brought to my soul God's saving health.

When the hours went by on their sluggish flight,
And came the middle watch of the night;

In part unmanned in spite of my care,
I beheld my guest in the taper's glare,

A wall of darkness around him thick,
As onward he came to a pendulum-tick.

Then quickly I opened wide the door,
And bade him pass my threshold o'er,

And linger awhile away from the cold,
And repeat some story or ballad old,—

His weary limbs to strengthen with rest,
For his course to the ever receding west.

Through the vacant door in wonder I glanced
And stood—was it long?—as one entranced.

Silence so awful did fill the room,
That the tick of the clock was a cannon's boom.

And my heart it sank to its lowest retreat,
And in whelming awe did muffle its beat.

For now I beheld, as never before,
And heard to forget, ah, nevermore!

For with outstretched hand, with scythe and glass,
With naught of a pause did the traveller pass.

And with upturned face he the silence broke,
And thus, as he went, he measuredly spoke:

My journey is long, but my limbs are strong:
And I stay not for rest, for story, or song.

It is only a dirge, that ever I sing;
It is only of death, the tale that I bring:

Of death that is life, as it cometh to pass;
Of death that is death, alas! alas!

And these I chant, as I go on my way,
As I go on my way forever and aye.

Call not thyself wretched, though bitter and sweet
In thy cup at this hour intermingle and meet.

Some cloud with the sunshine must ever appear,
And darkness prevails till morning is near.

But who doth remember the gloom of the night,
When the sky is aglow with the beautiful light?

Oh alas! if thou drinkest the bitter alone,
Nor heaven nor earth may stifle thy moan!

Thy moan!—and the echo died away,
Thy moan! thy moan forever and aye!

His measured voice I heard no more,
But not till I stand on eternity's shore,

And the things of time be forgotten all,
Shall I cease that traveller's words to recall.

As onward he moved to a pendulum-tick,
The gloom and darkness around him thick,

I fell on my knees and breathed a prayer;
And it rose, I ween, through the midnight air

To a God who knoweth the wants and all
The evil and good of this earthly thrall:

To One who suffered as on this day,
And began our sins to purge away:

To Him who hath promised to heed our cry,
And a troubled heart to purify.

And I feel that the gall will ever grow less,
Till I see His face in righteousness.

And now my soul is filled with cheer
For the march of a bright and Happy New Year.

As years roll on, whether sun doth shine
Or clouds overcast, I will never repine;

For I know, when the race of time is run,
I shall enter a realm of Eternal Sun.

THE NEW YEAR.

TIME is hastening on !

Another mile-stone on the way to heaven ;

Another march before the fight is won,

The crown of glory given.

Lead me on, dear Lord !

Oh, Thou hast been my Guide so many years,

Thy goodness makes me bold ! and with Thy Word

There is no room for fears.

Love has cast them out,

And to their place exalted confidence,

And such a sweet repose as hath no doubt

Of Thy good Providence.

What Thou hast in store

This coming year, I do not stop to ask ;

Enough, if day by day there dawns before

Me my appointed task.

Task in which Thou art!—

However mean, as in the eyes of men,
Yet will I do it with a thankful heart

That always saith, Amen!

I seek not great things,
For I have learned how vain such seeking is;
But let me seek Thy will, O King of kings,
And find therein my bliss.

Thy approval is
The greatest triumph that may ever be:
My utmost wishes bound themselves in this,
That Thou wilt smile on me.

For Thy smile is peace,
And peace is strength through all the years of earth,
Until the days of our probation cease
In the eternal birth.

Lead me to my work!
Give grace, as I may need it day by day;
And in a humble heart no fear will lurk
To take my peace away.

THE EPIPHANY.

“I AM THE ROOT AND THE OFFSPRING OF DAVID, AND
THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.”

ALL hail to Thee, Supernal Light,
That Magi saw afar,
The death of darkness and of night,
The bright and Morning Star.

For now between the tribes of earth
There is no frowning bar;
Thou shin'st on all of human birth,
O bright and Morning Star.

Now when with all the hosts of sin,
Thou goest forth to war,
Thine army be my lot within,
O bright and Morning Star.

And when Thou comest once again
In Thy triumphal car,
Oh, be with Thee my portion then,
Thou bright and Morning Star.

GREAT LIGHT.

“The people which sat in darkness, saw great Light.”

GREAT Light, too great for Heaven to hold,
People in darkness saw of old,
As erst the prophet had foretold.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, whose beams cannot expire,
Hearts of the Twelve once flowed with fire,
A flame above earth-born desire.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, unto Apostles power,
Illumined them through Earth's dark hour,
Until they burst in Heaven's flower.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, supply of lowly needs,
And source of all heroic deeds,
From earth to heaven forever leads.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, that every soul must know,
Or else the joys of Heaven forgo,
All things most beautiful doth show.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, that finds the sinner out,
Dispenses beams within, without,
Until there is no room for doubt.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light the sinner's every taint
Can take away, and make a saint
Whose beauty love alone can paint.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

Great Light, that hath so long sufficed,
Whose deathless glory is unpriced,
Will bring the perfect Year of Christ.

People that sit in darkness
These last short days of grace,
Great Light for you is shining;
Arise, the glory trace.

THE THREE KINGS.

“Kings shall come to the brightness of Thy rising.”

GASPAR, a king and shepherd,
Alone at the door of his tent,
Thus mused, his eyes uplifted
And fixed on the firmament:

“Is it a dream, this vision
That haunts me day and night,
This beautiful manifestation
Of an eternal delight?

“God set me to watching and waiting
Long years and years ago,
Waiting and watching for something
My heart could not forgo.

“I caught the hope of the nations,
The desire of the common heart,
Which grew to an expectation
That would not from me depart.

“ My soul was filled with hunger
Deeper than I can tell,
The while I watched for the shining
Of the Star in Israel.

“ O Star to arise in Jacob!
I cried as my heart grew bold,
O Star to arise in Jacob,
By prophecy seen of old,

“ For the sight of Thee I am dying,
For the joy of Thy Beautiful Face!
Of Thy coming give me a token,
Grant me this favour and grace!

“ At length there came an answer
Flaming the desolate year,
A revelation of beauty,
A more than mortal cheer;

“ For afar in the kindly heaven
The blessed token I saw.
And now my life is transfigured,
And lost in a nameless awe.

“In a nameless awe I wander,
As one with a joy untold,
Too great for his own defining,
Too great for him to withhold.

“But deep in my heart is the secret,
And in yonder beckoning Star;
And I must wait for the telling
Until I can hasten afar,—

“Until I can find in travel
A heart akin to mine,
That day and night is adoring
And imploring beauty divine.”

Hardly had Gaspar ended
The musing he loved so well,
When he heard the tintilation
Of a distant camel-bell.

He set his tent in order,
He brought forth of his best,
After the Arab custom,
To welcome the coming guest.

Who was that eager stranger
Dismounted so soon at the door?
A king from another kingdom,
Who had tracked the desert o'er,

In search of the same communion
That Gaspar was longing for.
And before of food he tasted,
Thus spoke King Melchior:

“O Gaspar, God hath sent me
In the light of a peaceful Star,
To tell thee, my royal brother,
What my strange communings are.

“My life has been hid with Nature
For many a quiet year,
And in the hearts of my people
Whose love hath cast out fear.

“And I have been a dweller
With God, who is everywhere,
On earth, in the stars, the Spirit
Sublimest, calmest, most fair.

“Among His mediators
And messengers of rest,
Which fill the earth and the heavens,
The stars I reckoned the best.

“To the stars I gave my study,
I watched them rise and set,
And heard the music of silence
My soul cannot forget;—

“The music that seemed prophetic
Of the reign of peace to come,
When men shall live as lovers
In the quiet of one dear home.

“But contemplation only
My heart could not satisfy:
I longed for the very presence
The stars did prophesy,

“And eagerly looked for a token
Of heaven descended to earth,
A manifestation to tell me
The Prince had come to His birth—

“The Prince to rule the nations,
The blessed Prince of Peace,
Through the sceptre of whose kingdom
Confusion and war shall cease.

“And God to me has been gracious,
Though one of His children the least,
For I have seen His token
All glorious in the east.”

The kings sat down together,
Communed in the breaking of bread,
And each the heart of the other
As an open volume read.

They felt the new force within them
Through fellowship increase:
The one he called it beauty,
The other named it peace.

All through the silent night-tide
Their thoughts one burden bore:
There was a joy eternal
Their longing souls before.

But still they waited, waited,
They hardly knew what for.
"What lack we yet, O Gaspar?"
At length asked Melchior.

"Three lights in yonder heaven
Wait on the polar star;
But we are two" said Gaspar.
"Not *two*, but *three* we are,"

Belthazzar said, dismounting,
Another king from far;
"And we whom God hath chosen
Follow a greater Star.

"Oh what are peace and beauty,
Except they stir the soul
And make the man a hero,
To gain some happier goal?"

"Oh what are peace and beauty
That stop this side of God,
Though infinite the distance
Remaining to be trod?"

In haste, in haste they mounted,
The kings in God's employ,
And quickly peace and beauty
Began to change to joy.

They left behind their kingdoms
Whose lure was far too small,
To keep them apart from the Kingdom
Of Him who is all in all.

They left behind their people,
Of loving and loved a host,
The first of the Gentile nations
To love the Redeemer most.

They left behind possessions,
Their flocks in all their prime,
In haste to greet the Shepherd
Whose charge is the most sublime.

They passed through hostile regions,
For fear they halted not;
And weariness and hunger
Were less than things forgot.

So on and on they hastened
Where they never before had trod,
And the flaming Guide that led them,
Was ever the Glory of God;

By night in yonder heavens,
Within their hearts by day,
As of old the blessed Shekinah
Along the Red-Sea way.

And they have troubled Herod
And left Jerusalem,
The joy-giving Star before them,
The Star of Bethlehem.

And they have seen and worshipped
The Everlasting Child,
In Whom Divine Justice and Mercy
Met and were reconciled.

They have kissed the Beauty of Heaven,
Incarnate on the Earth,
The Babe in the lap of the Virgin
Of whom He came to His birth.

Their gifts of love they have rendered
Unto the new-born King,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense
The best that they could bring.

They could not return to Herod,
And cast before that swine
The pearls which they had gathered
Out of the Sea Divine!

O Vision of the Redeemer,
In which faith has struggled to sight!
They carried it back to their country
And published it day and night.

They carried it back to their country,
The vision since Eden's fall,
Which seen afar off has sweetened
The wormwood and the gall.

And it has become the story
Of every triumphant soul,
That in seeking the Eternal
Reaches the happy goal.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

Dost thou in solitude
Ask who will show thee good,
And for thee weary and forlorn
Ring in the happy morn?
Behold the Lamb of God!
He at the Father's nod
Came down to cheer the waiting earth.
A Child of Virgin-birth.

Art thou with sin opprest,
Thy soul unshrined, unblest?
And hast thou sought, and sought in vain,
A balm to heal thy pain?
Behold the Lamb of God!
He with the Gospel shod
Went forth the Truth, the Life, the Way,
To take thy sins away.

Are sorrow, grief and care
A weight thou canst not bear,

And still have courage for the strife
Which fills thy daily life?
Behold the Lamb of God!
He bowed beneath the rod
And all thy grief and sorrow bore,
To win thee joy once more.

Does Justice still cry out?
Art thou, O heart, in doubt?
Does sense of thine averted doom
Within thee find no room?
Behold the Lamb of God!
He here on earth once trod
The wine-press of the wrath divine,
For thee, strange heart of mine!

Do fear and chilling gloom
Linger about the tomb?
And does there shine for thee no light
To cheer the long, long night?
Behold the Lamb of God!
He slept beneath the clod,
Then burst the bars of death for thee
And triumphed gloriously!

OBEDIENCE.

“ Whosoever He saith unto you, do it.”

THY Servant, Lord, am I,
Whate'er Thou dost command:
For water ask for wine's supply,
Lo, here it is hand.

I know Thy power divine
Can work Thy sovereign will,
Can change the water into wine
And all Thy Word fulfill.

And shall my faith be weak
When Thou dost bid me turn
And in Thy Holy presence seek
For what my soul doth yearn?

Greater than I can paint
Are wonders of Thy Word.
Change Thou a sinner to a saint,
And keep me Thine, dear Lord!

SONGS OF DELIVERANCE.

“Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.”

I.

THERE is a time when saints become prophetic,
Grown rich in wisdom of the vanished days,
And like the olden seers in psalms pathetic,
Bid troubled Zion on her future gaze.

There is no woe that can our songs imprison,
Though Judah in captivity was mute;—
They had not heard the note, The Star has risen,
That triumph had not burst from harp or lute.

Disaster palsies now the tongue no longer,
When life and immortality are found;
Yet palsied tongues and hearts that should be
stronger,
In all the courts of Zion still abound.

How long, O Lord! Thy Church in darkness
shrouded,

Uplifts her voice and cries again, How long!
Her lamp burns low, the once bright flame is clouded,
Where is Thine arm that was of old so strong?

From darkness comes the light, and strength from
weakness,

Look forth, O Church, and rest thy weary eyes.
Dost know the Lord who came of old in meekness?
Behold, behold His ensign in the skies!

III.

The justice of our God remains forever,
Forever lingers in the earth His love:
His smile as sunshine rests on true endeavour,
On fraud, a blackness as of clouds above.

Like priest, like people. As of old the order,
So, also, now is this false hearted day.
Look Thou, O Lord, upon our foul disorder,
And take our name, or take our shame away!

Day follows day. The foolish see no danger;
They multiply deceits and add to lies.
Ah! they believe in God there is no anger,
Such tenderness forsooth in yonder skies.

There is no secret which can long be hidden,
There is no lie that shall not come to light.
Thou, Lord, hast all hypocrisies forbidden,
And will not Thy right hand defend the right?

Oh bitter woe for those who here dissemble;
Alas, for age that is not true to youth!
Before the Judge shall they at length assemble,
The Judge who brings forth judgment unto truth.

III.

Thy feet, O Peace, have from the Church departed,
And they that dwell therein are desolate.
The new wine mourns, and sigh the merry hearted;
The harvest-joy has left our fallen state.

To other lords have we ascribed dominion,
And judgments of our God are in the land.
The angel of His love, with folded pinion,
Doth mourning, weeping on our threshold stand.

The city that was full is solitary!
Jerusalem the beauty of the earth,
Unto her enemies is tributary,
And merchandise are they she erst gave birth.

But hark! a voice is on the mountain lifted:
The bitterness of woe shall pass away,
The clouds shall by the fire of heaven be rifted,
And mourning fields of Sharon greet the day.

The sun shall be ashamed, the moon confounded,
When Thou, O Lord, shalt make Thy judgments
plain,
And Zion, where of old Thy love abounded,
Shall hail the brightness of Thy face again.

I V.

God's purpose runs through all our grief and evil,
And compensation is not long afar:
A bitter woe was on the age primeval,
And in the sky was hung the Morning Star.

The Man of Sorrows and with grief acquainted,
Who wore the thorns upon a blameless brow!
His triumphs on the dome of heaven are painted,
Where man's new heart forever reads them now.

Neglected one, that dost not know the reason,
And murmerest to God in faith's eclipse,
But once believe that He will give in season,
Thy heart shall glow with an apocalypse.

But for a moment is thy cause forsaken,
O thou afflicted and not comforted;
The victory shall from thy foes be taken,
And by an unknown way shalt thou be led.

The mountains shall depart from their foundation,
The everlasting hills at length remove;
The troubled Church of God in her probation,
Shall never miss the sunshine of His love.

v.

O wayward children of our mourning Mother!
God's tender love will not forbear to smite.
He will not give His glory to another,
And your iniquities will He requite.

His changeless love in tenderest devices
Invites the weary to the quiet home,
Where ceaseless care for every need suffices,
And wanderers no more desire to roam.

But time for grace continues not forever,
There is an end to all things here below:
The day comes surely on when no endeavour
Can take the offers of the long-ago.

God is a judge, when clouds and darkness cover
The scorners of His unaccepted light,
And they who here refused Him as Lover,
Are left in that interminable night!

O weeping children of our mourning Mother !
Ye well may weep and in your tears rejoice :
God will not give His glory to another,
And tender mercy still uplifts her voice.

VI.

Gird on your armour, children of the Highest,
Go forth to battle, win the deathless name.
Alas, O soul, if from the fight thou fliest,
The lot for thee is everlasting shame !

The world is but the field of your probation,
There is no joy for him who is not tried ;
There is no blessed triumph for the nation
That is not in some trouble sanctified.

The "Jubilate" chant, when weak and weary,
And magnify His name who led the way,
And showed beyond the mists and darkness dreary,
The fadeless light of an eternal day.

Fight on! fight on! and gain the hidden manna,
Knowing all things together work for good;
And when at Christ's return, ye shout Hosanna!
The things of thine shall all be understood.

Gird on your armour, children of the Highest!
Before you for the winning is renown.
Shame! shame! O soul, if from the fight thou fliest,
There is for thee no everlasting crown.

VII.

Break up your fallow ground, O Sons of Aaron,
And make your fruitless hearts a garden fair;
Again therein shall bloom the Rose of Sharon,
And pour its sweetness with your matin-prayer.

Behold, the Lord provideth for the raven,
And giveth understanding to the heart;
But when His children thankless grow and craven,
He bids the angels of His grace depart.

Oh, would ye bring them back? Be up and telling
The love of God, the beauty of the cross,
Unto immortal souls in darkness dwelling,
Giving them precious gold who have but dross!

Give others what the Lord to you has given,
Whose lives are ever hid with Christ in God,
Oh guides, exemplars on the path to Heaven,
And flowers shall spring where'er your feet have
trod !

Break up your fallow ground, O House of Aaron,
And make the fields of Zion fertile grow ;
Again therein shall bloom the Rose of Sharon,
Till all the hearts of men its fragrance know.

VIII.

Awake ! Awake ! Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Look forth and catch the glory in the sky :
A light beyond the brightness of Orion,
Forevermore commands the watching eye.

How does the prophecy of Christ's advancing,
Throb on the earth and pulsate in the air,
Smite the strong soul with gladness and with
trancing,
And nerve thee for the wrestling of thy prayer !

Long has it been, thine agony of trial,
But time is on the march when it shall cease :
God's finger points the end upon the dial,
Angels and men uplift the song of peace.

There is no more an unavailing sorrow;
A Child is born to take all sins away.
The darkness of thy grief may pass to-morrow,
Pray for the triumph of the morning, pray.

Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Look forth and catch the glory in the east;
Within thy walls no more shall rage the lion,
No more thy children fail to keep the feast.

IX.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the Golden,
City of rest where saints abide with God,
That wast by John in Patmos once beholding,
Soon will thy happy streets by us be trod.

Jerusalem, a quiet habitation,
Men may not always know beneath the skies;
Sin works its trouble here and desolation,
And yonder must we rest our weary eyes.

For care and sorrow are not everlasting;
Eternal good shall from our trouble grow:
Forever some new joy for us forecasting,
God leads us by a way we do not know.

A few more days for waiting and for toiling,
A few more nights in which to cry, How long!
And there shall be an end of sin and soiling,
An end of matin-prayer and even-song.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem the Golden,
Whose gates look North and South, and East
and West,
At length no longer as by faith beholden,
Shall welcome us to her eternal rest.

SILENCE.

VANISHED are all the wild ghosts of the air,
Echo sends back not a wail of despair;
Even the forests their moanings forbear.

Peacefully slumbers the sorrowful world,
Like a tired Angel whose pinions are furled,
All in the shadowy glory impearled.

Out of the deep of ethereal eyes
Wherein a fathomless mystery lies,
Beautiful Silence descendeth the skies.

Whispers she into the ears of the earth
Dreams of which mortals perceive not the worth,
Calmly fortelling eternity's birth.

Silence! My soul doth the Deity greet.
Silence! Now Time and Eternity meet.
Silence! I marvel not Death is so sweet.

SAINT PAUL.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me crown of righteousness."

WHAT hath God wrought! About to die,
And gain my freedom yonder, I

Am stirred with thoughts that mind me
Of the dear manifested Light,
Whose endless beauty and delight
I shall not leave behind me.

Soon to escape these bonds, I Paul,
To whom God's work is all in all,

Look back as if to measure
The fulness of His boundless love,
Whose glory fills that House above,
Which holds mine only treasure.

What hath God wrought! The witnesses
Are thick as stars. The ministries
Of love in man's redemption
Excite angelic wonder. Grace
Is marching on at heaven's pace.
What country hath exemption?

The infinitely beautiful
Vision of ransomed souls is full:
They pass for my reviewing
Like soldiers; and the mighty tread
Is of the living and the dead,
My heart to tears subduing!

Who can compute God's work! The years
Whose voices linger in my ears,
Can tell a wondrous story;
But in eternity alone
Will all the harvest-joy be known,
The nameless peace and glory.

I. CONQUERED THROUGH STEPHEN.

What hath God wrought! A face whose joy
Oblivion cannot destroy,

Is beautiful before me,
Brave and majestic, as the day
A pure sweet spirit passed away—
That face whose light upbore me.

Peaceful, angelic, half divine,
How did the soul of Stephen shine
In it and make it glorious,
Till Saul of Tarsus was subdued,
His soul with some new force endued,
The Martyr there victorious!

Conquered—which I was thankful for—
Yet did I brave my conqueror,
Still bold for persecution,
Until the vanquished pride of power,
Departing as in God's own hour,
Published my destitution.

Conquered, when for his murderers
He breathed the prayer my heart yet stirs,
I hugged the sins that mask us:
More fiercely yet I vexed the saints,
Heeding nor meekness nor complaints.
But as I neared Damascus,

Threatening, to keep my courage strong
For that commissioned conscious wrong
Which so defies my naming,
Out-breathing torment, bonds and death
To those who spoke with bated breath
Their love above all blaming;

Behold, the face, which day and night
Had haunted me, became a light,
A supernatural glory
Above the brightness of the sun,
In which all evil I had done
Hung as a dagger o'er me.

Light! light! upon the Martyr's face;—
I knew at last it was the grace
From an eternal shining!
I fell to earth, a helpless child:
My soul so darkened and defiled
Was ready for refining.

And sweetness of the voice that spoke
My broken heart still further broke.

Thine own commandment keeping,

Jesus! what love in evil's stead
Didst Thou return, upon my head
Hot burning coals a heaping!

Pain, pain was added unto pain,
Thy fragments yet to break again,
O heart that wast so hardened!
And ages seemed to come and go,
Ere love let fall the final blow,
And my great sin was pardoned.

What hath God wrought! I linger still
Among the waymarks of His will—
For still the vision passes—
The scenes in which I Paul was part,
Of which to tell the throbbing heart
All words of man surpasses.

Damascus, at her western gate,
In wonder saw the man whose hate
Was overcome with kindness,
As gentle as a little child,
To some new purpose reconciled,
Led on in total blindness.

Three days I sat in Judas' house,
Where naught from darkness did arouse,
 In silence and in fasting.
Years of unutterable pain
So many times I lived again,
 Those days seemed everlasting.

I thought of all the cruel past,
I tried the future to forecast,
 Redemption's course pursuing.
I knew but mingled love and blame,
Till vision of my duty came,
 And joy leaped forth in doing.

Lo, Ananias sent by God,
Instead of His avenging rod,
 Came naught but mercy showing;
And I, arising, was baptized
In name of Him I once despised,
 My sins no longer knowing.

Oh, on that memorable day,
When all my sins were washed away,
 And night within was ended,

What double light came from the skies,
To make supreme the strange surprise
In which my joy ascended!

Straightway, as one from death come back,
I found the Saviour's shining track,
Where step to step succeeded,
And with His blessed Gospel shod
I proved Him very Son of God,
Whom others likewise needed.

Yea, having passed His cleansing fire,
I had henceforth but one desire,
To tell the Master's story,
That whosoe'er, like me, was blind,
Might in His blessed service find
Unutterable glory.

God! God! have I redeemed my youth
Save through Thine everlasting Truth
Known in Thine Incarnation?
My life is my poor thanks to Thee,
Through time and in eternity,
For such transfiguration!

From persecution of Thy Name,
Lord, what I am, I Paul became,
Conquered by Thee through Stephen;
The glory of whose face and brow
Is day by day before me now,
From morning unto even.

II. IN ARABIA, AND FIFTEEN DAYS WITH PETER
AT JERUSALEM.

WHAT hath God wrought! I linger still
Among the waymarks of His will—
For still the vision passes—
The scenes in which I Paul was part,
Of which to tell the throbbing heart,
All words of man surpasses.

Through praise and prayer to make me strong,
I fled from man and lingered long
Within the desert-places;
For had not Christ who went before,
Taught all men how forever more
To fortify their graces?

Alone beneath the firmament,
Whose eyes of light all through me went,
With Heaven I held communion.
And from the throb of Nature's heart
I could not keep myself apart;
For God had wrought re-union.

I traversed regions all unknown,
With Nature and with God alone,
Whose breath my soul did strengthen:
The morning, with her golden kiss,
So flooded me with outward bliss,
Hope sometimes ceased to lengthen.

But, when I saw the day depart,
New light arose within my heart;
For eve was resurrection
Of what the morning held in awe:
The sunrise of the soul was law,
The world was in subjection.

So passed the day, so passed the night.
The morn was praise, and eve delight,
So fragrant was my praying,

So sweet the silence of my song
In which my heart for God did long,
Whatever it was saying.

Temptation came, temptation went,
Beneath the desert-firmament,
And angels came with gladness.
The messengers of God among,
The purpose of my life grew strong—
It was no longer madness!

My old self-lighted heart grew dim,
Yea, darkness, in the light of Him
Whose cradle was the manger.
Enfranchised, free, I stood at length
Clothed on with an eternal strength,
So long to me a stranger.

Oh, in the desert-solitude,
Conferring not with flesh and blood,
How was my soul enlightened,
The written and unwritten Word
Grown eloquent of one dear Lord,
His great compassion heightened!

What hath God wrought! I linger still
Among the waymarks of His will—

For still the vision passes—
The scenes in which I Paul was part,
Of which to tell the throbbing heart,
All words of man surpasses.

After three years—joy flooded them—
I sought again Jerusalem,
The centre of my sinning,
Where in the midst of death and shame,
Born in the Pentacostal flame,
The Gospel had beginning.

Rich were those days, when I conferred
With Peter. Heart with heart concurred
In all the blessed story
Of what the Master said and did,
Until, like some great pyramid
Crowned with celestial glory,

After the universal plan
His Spirit had revealed to man,
He showed the way to Heaven;

And power to climb there through His worth,
Starting from their baptismal birth,
Was unto all men given.

In his review of years with Christ,
Which, like my revelations, had sufficed,
There was a joy supernal.
We took our course from Nazareth,
Until the Master passed to death,
Shrouded in love eternal.

O Gallilee, along thy shore
His presence hollowed evermore,
Hard-by thy sun-lit waters,
We passed and witnessed once again
The speechless wonder wax and wane
Of all thy sons and daughters.

We saw Him on the stormy wave,
With His right hand outstretched to save;
Upon the sun-lit mountain,
When benedictions thronged His lips
From which flowed Truth's apocalypse
Out of the Eternal Fountain;

And on another mountain fair—
All re-born hearts have seen Him there—
In His transfiguration.
The joy, the joy of seeing Him!
Have Cherubim and Seraphim
E'er known such exaltation?

What spectacles of doing good!
The feeding of the multitude;
The miracles of healing;
The Gospel preached unto the poor,
The riches of the heavenly shore
To lowly hearts revealing;

The beauty of His holiness
Where self was ever less and less,
Nay, never was discovered;
The boundless charity of heart
Which seemed take the sinner's part,
And human weakness covered;

His meek serenity of soul,
Which had such strange, unsought control,
That was beyond divining;

Light! light! upon His countenance,
Which conquered at a single glance,
And was not human shining;—

Oh, what did we not hear and see
Of the Divine Simplicity,

Until our tears were flowing!—
Peter's, because his love was less
Thou could such excellence express;
Mine, because the showing

Of such pure light, which once had stung
My sinful soul, became a tongue

To syllable the blindness
Which passed in such a wondrous way
(Though it will humble me for aye)
Through the dear Saviour's kindness.

And what shall I say more? We saw
The One Fulfiller of the law
Upon the Cross uplifted;
The vacant tomb; the Dead Alive;
Eleven sad hearts at length revive,
All with the Spirit gifted!

And I from that communing went
With larger grace, my soul content,
 In joy or tribulation,
To do a valiant soldier's part,
A double witness in my heart,
 A nameless exaltation.

III. THE APOSTLE TO THE GENTILES.

SOON to escape these bonds, I Paul,
To whom God's work is all in all,
 Look back as if to measure
The fulness of His boundless love,
Whose glory fills that House above
 Which holds mine only treasure.

Thrice, thrice! the Spirit called me thrice,
Ere His will did for me suffice,
 I learned of God so slowly.
I had no ears to hear aright,
My weakness did not turn to might,
 Till I had grown more lowly.

Yea, not till self had passed from sight
And left its place to God's own light,
Ceased I from my delaying,
And boldly to the Gentiles bore
The love that leaps all barriers o'er,
The Spirit's voice obeying.

As kings and consuls, showing where
They earned their glory, sometimes wear
The country's appellation,
The valour of their arms hath won;
So I still wear the name of one
To whom I brought salvation.

O Sergius Paulus, first of all
The Gentile names that owe to Saul
The faith in one dear Saviour,
Thou wert a conquest fit to crown
A conqueror, and Saul's renown
Henceforth was Paul's behaviour.

I dropped that kingly name of mine
And took this lowly name of thine,
Which I shall wear forever,

To tell of mine infirmities,
As well as of all victories
That mark my life's endeavour.

What though my form and hateful name
To mine own kin betokened blame,
So be they proved my humbling?
Alas! my faith to Israel
Appeared the most contemptible,
The chiefest stone of stumbling.

Darkness to them became the Cross
For which I joyed to suffer loss,
So be I gained His favour,
Who came to earth and glorified
That sign by which He lived and died,
The Mighty God and Saviour.

Oft have I felt that I could be
Accursed for Israel's sake, to free
Them from the sin of blindness!
God! will they not come back to Thee
Sometime in Thine eternity,
Won by Thy loving kindness? —

Won by the triumphs of Thy grace
Which fetches in an alien race,
To sit at Thine own table?
Father of all! Thy Kingdom come!
To fetch the elder children home,
Make Thou the younger able.

It was the faith in which I wrought
That in God's all embracing thought
Was Israel's salvation;
And double zeal enflamed my heart,
To think that I should have some part
In the far restoration;

And sometime, in the ages hence,
Golden with Love's great providence,
Look from my mansion yonder,
As Stephen now can look on me,
And the ingathered harvest see,
Filled with adoring wonder.

What hath God wrought! About to die
And gain my freedom yonder, I
Am stirred with thoughts that mind me

Of the dear manifested Light,
Whose endless beauty and delight
I shall not leave behind me.

The Cross, the Cross became to me
The sign of God's sufficiency,
As of the sea the river,
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
Fragrant of Christ of Nazareth,
Telling of Him forever.

And He who glorified the Cross,
Converting unto gain all loss,
And melting down the mountain
Of sin which barred me from the sky,
Till His all-pitying love drew nigh,
Was unto me the fountain,

From which all grace and truth and light
Flowed forth as for my soul's delight,
And all my life surrounded,
Yea, poured my being through and through,
And, in the times of dearth I knew,
Yet more and more abounded;

Until that source of love divine
Which daily more and more grew mine,
Appeared to be within me,
A well of everlasting life,
Which flowed with strength for every strife,
God's victory to win me.

The glory of the Crucified,
The Just who for the unjust died,
The fulness in Him dwelling,
His blessed message from above,
Born of the boundless heart of love,
How could I fail in telling

The Greek—as well as favoured Jew—
Who a like mighty hunger knew,
Having a soul immortal
That finding no abiding good
On earth, no satisfying food,
Aspired to Heaven's portal?

At Paphos, Ephesus, Mar's Hill,
And Rome, one thought my heart did fill,
All men to me are brothers!

The crucified and risen Christ
Who mightily for me sufficed,
I could but tell to others.

A man to whom the world was kin,
Which lay in darkness and in sin,
The slave as well as master
I drew to Christ of Nazareth.
Who else could, bringing life from death,
Turn from the soul disaster?

Grace bore me on. Where e'er I went
Beneath the watching firmament,
Although the world was mocking,
Sin-laden souls, whom God so loves,
Sought rest in Christ, like weary doves
Unto their windows flocking.

And though strange tribulations came,
And pain, for which there is no name,
Joy sprang from every sorrow.
Oh, such the love in which I stood,
All things together worked for good
And glorified the morrow.

Grace failed me not. Love never furled
His shadowing wings. The more the world
Scoffed, as if God defying,
So much I thought to serve Him more,
When other service should be o'er,
To serve Him still in dying.

And now that service is at hand.
The glory of the shining land
Upon my soul is dawning.
O last dark shadow of the night,
Pass, pass thou quickly from my sight;
Come, O Eternal Morning!

THE PRESENTATION.

MARY, of Virgins the rarest,
Bringeth the Dutiful One
Who from the realm that is fairest
Came as her Beautiful Son.

See her! the lowly believer,
Angels upon her await!
Thankfully now to receive her
Opens the Beautiful Gate.

In the great Temple whose story
Filleth the dim-lighted past,
Mary presenteth the Glory
Long by the Prophets forecast.

Hopefully, that she may deem Him
Free for His heavenly ways,
Lo, she is there to redeem Him
Infant and Ancient of Days:

Through whom forever and ever
Hope is revived in the world:
Through whom for god-like endeavour
Banners of Truth are unfurled.

Simeon, who has long waited,
Greeteth the Child of His prayer,
Till his white soul is elated
Over the Saviour so fair.

Anna, the Prophetess, coming
Blesses the Lord for the sight
Which unto her is the summing
Up of Redemption's delight.

Angels of purity, wing ye
Out from your modest retreat;
Dearest Emmanuel bring ye,
Make our humanity sweet,

Till its old temple is glorious
With the long waited-for light,
And our new life is victorious
Over all foes in the fight.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

REMEMBER that happiest day
When I from myself turned away,
And sought my devotion to prove
In acts of adorable love?

Oh, yes; I remember it well;
How could I forget it, the spell
That lifted me up from my fall,
And sang in my bosom the call

To enter the long whitened field
That harvests for heaven doth yield,
And bind up the bright golden sheaves
Which God to a coronet weaves?

O fairest of all to my heart,
My love for thee will not depart,
Till yonder in bowing me down
I cast at the foot-stool my crown.

THE
TEMPTATION AND PASSION.

OH what through Truth may not be won,
And this brave word, Thy will be done!
Such was the gleaming two-edged sword,
The only weapon of the Lord.

Before this blade the Tempter quailed,
And all his artful passes failed.
Its flashing sheen was mid-day light:
Wrong had no refuge save in flight.

O triumph in the wilderness
Where angels came to cheer and bless!
O meek heroic Agony,
The glory of Gethsemane!

Angels rejoice forever more
And minister as once of yore,
When they behold a triumph won
In which the will of God is done.

THALLATTA! THALLATTA!

OR,

H O M E W A R D .

“Through tribulation.”

STRONG men have left their native land;
Ten thousand in the phalanx stand.
For love of war, or fame or gain
They go, and hope to come again.

With Cyrus at their head they go,
And where oh where they do not know.
A wild ambition in the brain
Leads them o'er mountain, river, plain.

Through the Cilician Gates they march
Where crags like clouds above them arch,
Past cities which no more remain,
Still with the hope to come again.

They pause upon the unknown track;
They fain at length would turn them back.
Beguiled again, they onward go,
And where, oh where they do not know.

A band of valiant men and youth,
They onward go, when lo the truth
Comes flashing on the morning air,
Destruction here! destruction there!

The Persian hosts swarm all the way,
Bold Cyrus falls, is lost the day;
And in the fall of that ambitious master,
Come shame and grief and stern disaster.

Oh, lost ten thousand! in the folds
Of that vast dotard realm which holds
Them all as with a coward's grasp
Which courage only can unclasp!

Lost? lost? O Greece from whence they come,
Doth son of thine forget his home?
They are not lost. The courage there
Their hearts within, shall rout despair.

They rise, the strong ten thousand men.
While Persians swarm the mountain, glen,
Fields, rivers, every hiding place,
They homeward set, each valiant face!

What though the grip of treachery
Holds all their hope of victory?
New hope is born in each strong heart,
Leaders as from the dead upstart.

While Xenophon recites the story
Of Grecian bravery and glory,
Of love of home which never dies,
Behold the new Clearachus rise,

Strong in the strategy of war,
Ready to lead them on afar,
Patient in all the fair devices
Of which a wise, cool heart the price is.

They march, they march, and from their track
They hurl the vile barbarians back.
O'er mountain crags, o'er rivers deep,
Still on, their steadfast way they keep.

Amid the storm of Persian darts
On! on! they go, those valiant hearts.
They linger not, though breakfastless,
Halt not for hunger or distress.

On! on! through vales and forests dark
They lose not that one shining mark,
The hope of home, the hope of friends,
When in their joy the journey ends.

And when at last they gain the height
And catch the long desired delight,
Oh hear their shout, "The sea! The sea!"
Which tells of home and victory!

Undying, brave ten thousand! long
The world has known how ye were strong
In your unflinching hardihood.
But are ye yet quite understood?

We yearly paint for eager youth—
Those valiant seekers after truth
Who keep from dotage and decay
The world—your toils of that far day.

But who has builded into song
The triumph which we still prolong,
And told world the *inner* story
Which flashes in your ancient glory?—

Showing in what the heart doth seek,
The Christian, Roman, Jew and Greek,
The heathen all, the world within,
Are one communion, kith, and kin?

Undying, brave ten thousand! all
The glory of your rise and fall,
Your march for home, your victory,
Bursts in the cry, “The sea! The sea!”

O comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch,
Under whose banner do we march?
If that of bold, ambitious Cyrus,
The day will surely come to try us.

I ween we all, some day or other,
Have wandered far from that dear Mother
Whose tender care doth keep us fair,
What time we breathe our native air.

Oh, have ye wandered thus afar,
Strike home, where hope and love still are!
Come back to that old household, come,
And find the same dear loving home.

Cyrus is dead, and in his fall
We are as sheep within the desert all,
A hostile, wild barbarian land,
Afar off from the shining strand.

Waste not the hours in vain despair,
Up! up! and for return prepare.
Behold there is a Leader come
To bring us from the desert home.

O comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch
Under whose banner do we march,
What time we strike for home again
And leave behind disaster, pain?

March on! march on! that Leader's name
Doth far outshine Clearchus' fame;
He in the lonely desert place
Knew all was in a treacherous face.

March on! march on! like Xenophon
The Greeks for general fixed upon,
Our Leader was unthought of, low:
But who such glory now doth know?

What time the storms shall sweep the sky,
March on! march on! with watching eye,
Which through the vales and forests dark,
Doth never lose the shining mark,

The hope, the everlasting hope,
Which leads on rugged ways to grope
In search of all that fills the heart
With joy that shall not aye depart.

O Comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch,
Under whose banner do we march?
Behold, the frowning heavens above,
The crags, the depths, all flame with love.

Strike home, for all that ye hold dear!
Strike home, for all worth seeking here!
Until at last ye hear her call
"Who is the Mother of us all."

March on! though ye be breakfastless,
Halt not for hunger or distress.
There still are foes upon the track:
Linger save but to hurl them back.

Through clouds and darkness keep your way:
It comes at length, the break of day.
March on! march on! through all the night,
In prospect of the coming light.

And when at last we gain the height
Whereon the long desired delight
Comes flashing from the shining sea
Between us and eternity;

Oh when to that high place we come,
Only a little way from home,
What jubilance shall flood the cry:
“The sea! The sea!” The victory!

THE FORTY DAYS.

(After the style of Heber.)

THE Saviour in the wilderness
Once fasted forty days.
He is the Lord our Righteousness,—
Who followeth His ways?
Who curbs the evil in his heart
And gives to God the praise,
Who chooses here the better part,
He followeth His ways.

He bore our sorrow and our grief,
He came for service here;
He served for us of sinners chief,
He knew our hope and fear;
He came to lead us into rest
And give us peaceful days;
He is exemplar of the best—
Who followeth His ways?

He foiled the Tempter through the Word
Which God in mercy gave;

He turned the lure into a sword
Which all His servants have.

He is the Lord our Righteousness,
He taught us all His days;
And he who thirsts for holiness
Must follow in His ways.

He bowed Himself full oft in prayer,
Although the Son of God:
Down in the Valley of Despair
He through the darkness trod;
But always in His deep distress
On God He kept His gaze.
Help us, O Lord, our Righteousness
To follow in Thy ways!

Help us, O Lord, our Righteousness,
To keep the days of prayer!
So while our days are growing less,
Shall we be growing fair,—
Until our souls are beautiful,
All filled with heavenly praise,
As they, who till their days are full,
Have followed in Thy ways.

THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

SOMETIMES when the future grows dark
And frowns with the gloom of despair,
I lose the one beautiful mark
Which gleamed in the bright sunny air.

And oh! in the darkness I grope
And mourn for the lost and the fair,
Until in the dawning of hope,
I meet with the Angel of Prayer:

That Angel of Prayer who of old
Gave Jacob the courage to dare
The might of a foe that was bold,
And lifted his burden of care.

And that which was lost in the night,
I find in the firmament, where
It glows in the beautiful light,
And faster I climb to it there.

GILEAD.

“Is there balm in Gilead?
Is there any physician there?
Is there any ease from my pain to be had?
Is there ought to be found that is fair?”

“For my soul is aghast at sin,
Crying day and night, Beware!
And praying for Joy to arise within
And hide the face of Despair!”

A gracious answer came back
To these questions I could not forbear,
The while I turned on my wayward track
And breathed the celestial air:

A breath that came down from above
And gave me the heart to dare
To believe and confess that God is Love,
And commit myself to His care.

SWEPT AND GARNISHED.

THE house that was so tarnished
By all that is unclean,
At length is swept and garnished,
And yet no guest is seen.
O house, that art terrestrial,
Thou canst not empty be!
Hast thou no guest celestial,
Alas, alas for thee!

The house that was so tarnished
By all that is unclean,
At length is swept and garnished,
And many a guest is seen.
O house, that art terrestrial,
Though foes are everywhere,
Thy guests that are celestial
Will keep thee pure and fair.

SONGS OF REST.

I.

THERE is a song—the saints in heaven sing it—
Which in this round of toils that never cease,
Enters the heart, whatever pain may bring it,
Laden with patience and with blessed peace.

What soul has heard it not, knows not its losses,
Nor can it know the secret of the gain
Which only comes to men from bearing crosses
With all their weight of agony and pain.

The mighty ones and true of all the ages,
For whose brave lives the world has better grown,
Prophets and priests and holy men and sages,
The lofty music of that song have known.

And who may tell the strength and consolation,
Which from a sense of God's unfailing care,
Flow through the wilderness of our vocation,
Making it bud and blossom everywhere?

Comrade, loving God, dost thou need wonder
How in the blessed hush of all complaints,
In looking back, they lift their voices yonder,
Thy ways are just and true, Thou King of saints?

III.

Only through toil and pain and tribulation
The blessed things of heaven and earth are won,
What time the man grows less in his probation,
And God is more with each successive sun.

And shall the dream of life, the quenchless yearning
For something which is yet beyond control,
The flame within the breast forever burning,
Not leap to action and exalt the soul?—

Surmount all barriers to brave endeavour,
Make for itself a way where it would go,
And flash the crown of ecstasy forever,
Which only labourers with God may know?

In action there is joy which is no fiction,
The hope of something as in faith begun,
God's sweet and everlasting benediction,
The flush of victory, and labour done!

Labour puts on the livery of greatness,
While genius, idle, withers from the sight,

And in its triumph takes no note of lateness,
For time exists not in eternal light.

III.

What though the triumph of thy fond forecasting
Lingers till earth is fading from thy sight?
Thy part with Him whose arms are everlasting,
Is not forsaken in a hopeless night.

Paul was begotten in the death of Stephen;
Fruitful through time shall be that precious blood:
No morning yet has ever worn to even
And missed the glory of its crimson flood.

There is a need of all the blood of martyrs,
Forevermore the eloquence of God;
And there is need of him who never barters
His patience in that desert way the Master trod.

What mean the strange, hard words, "through
tribulation,"
O Man of Sorrows, only Thou canst tell,
And such as in Thy life's humiliation,
Have oft been with Thee, ay, have known Thee
well.

The failures of the world are God's successes,
Although their coming be akin to pain;
And frowns of Providence are but caresses,
Prophetic of the rest sought long in vain.

I V.

Thou mayest know the Lord himself doth guide thee,
Hast thou but eyes to see and ears to hear,
And though hard, cruel things sometimes betide thee,
A loving, outstretched hand is always near.

Lo! when from cloud to cloud the lightning flashes,
What time the storm is plunging through the air,
And in commingling peals the thunder crashes,
Needeth the heart be told that God is there?

What though the venerable oak be broken,
And ruthless floods sweep down the mountain side?
Ruin is not, perforce, of wrath the token,
Nor doth stern vengeance on the torrent ride.

Anger and punishment have here no places;
Severity and tenderness combine,
And lo! descending with celestial graces,
Proclaim that healing only is divine.

In heaven and earth there is but one Physician,
And though ofttimes He addeth unto pain,

Like discords in the strains of a great musician,
His acts are but the harbinger of gain.

v.

Looks with rebuke the King upon complaining,
For unto Him obedience is due;
And as a father He forecasts the training,
To make His children strong and brave and true.

I will not vex His ears with my repining;
But I will ask Him what for me is best,
Till of His will I see the blessed shining
What time my heart is lifted to its rest.

Patience! let Him work on, the great Refiner!
How vast the work no eyes but His descry.
Patience! of this strange heart, the one Diviner,
His burning look doth pierce and purify.

Courage! and when the day is at the darkest!
Courage! till foes aweary shall despair.
And thou, who to celestial voices harkest,
Shalt see the watching skies grow clear and fair,

Until at length old things forever passing,
Shall hold the panting heart no more in thrall,
And heaven and earth renewed, before thee massing
Their glorious things, shall hence be all in all.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy Word.”

God's purposes of love
Are spread below, above,
An open, everlasting scroll
To every wakeful soul.
All hearts of love, the Star
The Magi saw afar,
Prophets, who touch His garment's hem,
And angels, utter them.

Angels foretold the birth
Of three great ones on earth,
Children of Faith and Strength and Love,
Whose lives their titles prove:
Isaac as of the dead
Born to a nation's head,
Sampson, Salvation's prophecy,
And Christ the Victory.

But mightiest of all
These wonders since the Fall,
Is that which Gabriel foretold
The lowly Maid of old,
Thy Kiss, O Love Divine,
To make our nature Thine,
The very letting down of Heaven
Until to Earth re-given.

My soul, my soul what said
The beautiful meek Maid,
When Gabriel such message brought,
Higher than human thought
Can ever hope to reach,
Much less our feeble speech?
Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
Let me fulfill Thy Word.

That greeting unto Love,
God's Angel from above,
How did it lift the Virgin up
To drink of Heaven's cup?
How up the stairs of woe
Through twilight did she go,

Until she hailed Eternal Light
Where shadows pass from sight!

My soul, my soul, do thou
In every meekness bow,
To take the Kiss of Love Divine,
And make His wishes thine.
Whate'er those wishes be,
This spirit be in thee:
Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
Let me fulfill Thy Word.

My soul! my soul! oh then
Shalt thou be born again,
The Saviour, Christ the Lord, in thee
Be born eternally!
While up the stairs of woe
In twilight shalt thou go,
Till thou art fitted for the Light
Too pure for mortal sight.

EL DORADO.

TELL not my restful heart of El Dorado,
For which men seek in regions of the West:
I have, while here I sin and wrong discard, oh,
A prophecy of what is fairest, best:
 Beautiful El Dorado of love,
 Beautiful El Dorado waiting above.

The Church of Jesus is my El Dorado,
His blessed service here my highest joy;
All evil from His servants He doth ward, oh,
And show to every one in His employ,
 Beautiful El Dorado of love,
 Beautiful El Dorado waiting above.

The blessed angels throng my El Dorado,
I feel the breath from waving wings of peace;

No care have I in all the world's bravado;
I seek afar, what time the night shall cease,
Beautiful El Dorado of love,
Beautiful El Dorado waiting above.

O ye who day and night seek El Dorado,
That dear, deluding fable of the West,
What boot your toils and things that are so hard, oh,
If ye o'erlook the fairest and the best?
Beautiful El Dorado of love,
Beautiful El Dorado waiting above?

O comrades all who seek for El Dorado,
And find it not on earth in wealth or fame,
Seek ye in God the substance, leave the shadow,
That dearest prize ye all at last may claim:
Beautiful El Dorado of love,
Beautiful El Dorado waiting above.

THE MOTHER OF US ALL.

"Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the Mother of us all."

AWEARY here, we go to prove,
Where shadows never fall,
The dear Jerusalem above,
The Mother of us all.

Bright is yon everlasting home,
Therein nor pain nor thrall;
Sweet day! when unto her we come,
The Mother of us all.

Earth is of sin and trouble full,
Her pleasures mixed with gail;
But yonder is the beautiful
Dear Mother of us all.

Clothed on with everlasting love,
We soon shall hear her call,
The calm Jerusalem above,
The Mother of us all.

PALM SUNDAY.

Who is this in triumph riding,
'Mid the branches of the palm,
While on either side dividing,
Lifts the throng their greeting psalm?

Prophet, Priest, and King and Saviour,
He who left the throne on high,
Now, by His divine behaviour,
Drawing forth the people's cry.

He it is who comes in meekness,
Though the Chief and Lord of all;
He it is who, strong in weakness,
Frees His people from their thrall.

O my soul! go forth to meet Him
Coming on his weary way;
Open wide thy gates and greet Him
Sovereign of thy courts for aye.

LORD, IS IT I?

FULL many a time since the day
Thou, Saviour, wast here in the flesh
Have men from the truth turned away
And wickedly sold Thee afresh.

And Lord, Is it I? Is it I?
That e'er have this wickedness done?
Have I to the covetous cry
Betrayed Thee, O holiest One?

I know not, I know not if such
Is reckoned, dear Saviour, my sin;
I know not, I know not how much
Of wrong in my life there has been.

But this thing I know that in Thee
A fountain is opened for men,
And I in the waters so free
May find my lost pureness again.

GETHSEMANE.

My Lord and God is everywhere
In majesty beyond compare;
But for the joy of seeing Him,
Mine eyes ofttimes are far too dim.

My Saviour, who came out from God,
Through all the vales of sorrow trod,
To glorify for me the way
To realms of everlasting day.

And even He upon the road
Was bowed with such oppressive load,
And to such gloom the darkness grew,
That God was almost lost to view.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
That saw my Saviour's agony! —
Such is the place where God abides
And all His wondrous beauty hides.

My Saviour, O my Saviour dear,
I caused Thine agony and fear.
My guilt drew forth those drops of blood
In that dark midnight solitude.

My doom was gloom to Thy great Soul
Whose grief was there beyond control,
All trembling, at the gates of hell,
For me whom Thou didst love so well.

With sin and death before Thee there,
How couldst Thou see what is so fair,
The beauty in the face of God
Who still in that dark garden trod?

God left not Thee. Didst Thou leave Him?
The while Thine eyes were very dim,
And only for that troubrous hour,
Was that strange hiding of His power.

Thou drank'st the gall and wormwood up
Which flowed in that appointed cup,
And didst the ends of love fulfill,
Which were alone the Father's will;

And lo! the blessedness divine
Which from the face of God doth shine,
An angel-comforter, came back
And drove the darkness from Thy track.

So didst Thou publish to the world,
The wings of love are never furled,
Not even in the darkest night
Which shuts them out from mortal sight.

Wherefore my God, who is so dear,
I know He is forever near;
And when for joy of seeing Him
Deep sorrow makes mine eyes too dim,

I think of dark Gethsemane
That saw my Saviour's agony;
For in such darkness God abides
And all His wondrous beauty hides,

Only till we to do His will
Go forth, or, if He please, stand still,—
Then angels come with strength and cheer,
Revealing Him grown still more dear.

CALVARY.

FOR three almost unending hours
Before Redemption's birth,
Satan and all his marshalled powers
Held carnival on earth.
O Calvary, O Calvary,
Where is the darkness now?
The blessed light of victory
Shines from the Saviour's brow.

Earth in her deep emotion quaked,
God's angels held their breath,
The saints from their long sleeping waked,
So terrible was death.
O Calvary, O Calvary,
Where is the anguish now?
The blessed joy of victory
Shines from the Saviour's brow.

At length unconquerable Love
With heart too large for doubt,
Came swiftly flying from above
And put all foes to rout.

O Calvary, O Calvary,
Suspense where is it now?
Old things have passed, and victory
Shines from the Saviour's brow.

My life was once so lone and dark
And such confusion knew,
I hardly thought my little bark
The storm could weather through.

O Calvary, O Calvary,
Where is the darkness now?
I saw the light of victory
Shine from my Saviour's brow.

The most triumphant life at last
Must yield the transient breath.
It all my human powers surpassed,
To tell if death was death.
O Calvary, O Calvary,
Where is the anguish now!

I saw the joy of victory
Shine from my Saviour's brow.

At length unconquerable Love,
With heart for doubt too large,
Came swiftly flying from above
And took me in His charge.
O Calvary, O Calvary,
How can I falter now?
All things are new, and victory
Shines from my Saviour's brow.

GOOD FRIDAY:
THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.

GREAT words of love He spoke,
And each an impulse woke
Which through successive ages runs
And broadens with the suns.

Great words of love were heard,
Which many a bosom stirred,
And more and more each circling year
Have bowed the heart to hear.

Great words of love come down
Through ages of renown!
The blessed burden that they bear
Hath nothing here more fair.

Such words of love to men
May never be again.

Help me, as with their spirit shod,
To do Thy work, O God.

I.

“ Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

O SINFUL heart of mine,
To melt thee, Love Divine
Spoke from the Cross the grandest word
The world has ever heard.

It was the soul of Love
Outspanning Heaven above,
Divine elixir of the world,
In Jesus’ heart impearled.

From Jesus’ heart it flowed
To seek a new abode
In many a sinful heart, like mine,
Which it would make divine.

Dost know this word, Forgive
Through which true life to live?
If not, then Heaven will be too bright
For thine unhallowed sight!

III.

"Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple,
Behold thy mother!"

GREAT, great was Mary's dole,
A sword had pierced her soul!
But lo, a word of tenderness
Illumined her distress.

Out of the heart of Christ,
The word, that has sufficed
Ten thousand times to soften loss,
Was spoken from the Cross.

My soul! the sympathy
That crowns humanity,
Flows ever from the Saviour's heart;
And though all hope depart

Of other help and cheer,
Still through the darkness here
There shines a more than earthly light
To glorify the night.

III.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

OUT of the depth of woe
Which He Himself did know,
Compassion for the thief arose.
What love did it disclose !

It was Almighty Love
Descended from above,
That sometimes reacheth down, down, down,
And lifteth to a crown !

My Saviour crucified !
No penitence e'er cried
To Him, but some assuring voice
Did make the heart rejoice.

Down, down, all earthly pride,
Before the Crucified !
To be with Him in Paradise,
Meek heart, arise ! arise !

IV.

“I thirst.”

I THIRST, the Saviour cried,
Before He bowed and died.
That thirst went quivering through the whole
Of the Eternal Soul.

He thirsted for the day
When sin shall pass away,
The day that endeth human thrall
When God is all in all.

This more than earthly word
Unnumbered souls hath stirred.
What is the thirst that filleth mine?
Is it the thirst divine?

Oh, had we all the thirst
In which the Christ was first,
How soon the world would know the full
Of what is beautiful!

v.

“ My God ! My God ! why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

Oh darkness as of death
Where none delivereth !
Oh wine-press of the wrath of God
In that great darkness trod !

Oh grief too great to paint !
Oh troubled, burdened Saint
On whom the sins of all the world
Are as a mountain hurled !

His sight has grown so dim
God has forsaken Him !
Forsakes He God ? *My* God ! His cry.
All hope is in that *My*.

He clings to God through all
The wormwood and the gall,
He clings through all the strife of blood,
Triumphant Lamb of God !

V I.

“It is finished.”

FINISHED, what prophets told
Concerning Thee of old,
The beautiful in word and deed
Almighty God decreed!

Finished, O King of kings,
Unutterable things
Thy loving kindness deigns to show
Thy servants here below!

Finished, the Sacrifice
Which opens Paradise,
And to the wanderer makes plain
How to return again!

Finished, O Christ, the strife
Of Thy victorious life,
Which is forever Truth's one way
Unto Eternal Day!

VII.

“Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.”

GLORY to Christ I give,
Who taught me how to live.
With grateful heart to Him I cry,
Who taught me how to die.

Through Thee, dear Lord of Life,
All girded for the strife,
I know that over every sin
A triumph I can win.

Through Thee, dear Lord of Death,
Who with Thy latest breath
Thy soul commendedst unto God
Whose kingdom Thou hadst trod,

I know, I know that I
Shall gain the victory
Over the last defiant foe
Whom I shall meet below.

EASTER EVEN.

“ We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.”

I.

Oh the mourning for the fair!

Oh the sorrow and despair!

Resting, resting, everywhere;

On the face of man and beast,

In the west and in the east,

From the greatest to the least;

On angelic countenance,

Where the shadow's swift advance

Veils ethereal radiance;

On whate'er we can rehearse

Of the better or the worse

In the boundless universe.

Oh the wonders and the signs!

Lo! the sun no longer shines

When the Christ His life resigns;

And the darkness over all,
Gathered as a mourning pall,
Deepest in the heart doth fall—

In the hearts of us His choice,
Where His all-controlling voice
Was the signal to rejoice.

Dead! dead! O Eternal One!
Why forsaken was Thy Son?
Why that deed of horror done?

Ever strong to save from harm,
Where was Thine almighty arm
In that day of dread alarm?

Oh the prison of the tomb!
Oh the low and silent room!
Oh the mystery and gloom!

With the Master gone the hope
With the enemy to cope,
And we in the midnight grope.

With the sweet, inspiring grace
Of a more than human face,
Banished thought of nobler place.

Perished Israel's strength and stay,
And the dream of that bright day
Which should take our shame away.

In the ashes doth expire
That celestial, holy fire
Which did flame in Judah's lyre;

And the prophet-tongue of might,
Which was fearless for the right,
Silent, silent is as night.

God who once His arm made bare,
In the hour of our despair
Hath withdrawn His loving care;

And destruction looketh down
With a sad and sullen frown,
On a soiled and trampled crown.

Oh the mourning for the fair!
Oh the shadow everywhere!
Oh the burden of despair!

In the country of our birth
Nothing now remains of worth—
Hide us, Oh thou Mother Earth!

Hide us from the scorners' scorn,
In the night that knows no morn
Make us as if never born!

II.

One swift year has passed away
Since the dark despairing day
In the tomb the Master lay.

Fools were we, and slow of heart.
God from man doth stand apart
When He would great truths impart.

Out of darkness brings He light,
Out of weakness cometh might,
Out of sorrow springs delight.

From the prison of the tomb
Cometh life, as from the womb,
And we dread no more its gloom.

Christ the Lord, who as to-day,
In the gloom and darkness lay,
As to-morrow, took His way

In among the ranks of men,
And we saw the mortal ken
Him who with us once had been;

And the brightness of His face
Beaming with immortal grace,
All our sorrows did efface.

Oh the glory of the Cross!
Gold is that we reckoned dross,
Gain is that we counted loss.

Now the kingdom of our sires,
Built on holiest desires,
Lighted with undying fires,
To a sovereign place aspires.

And with Christ upon its throne,
All its glories shall be known
Till the world its sway shall own.

Thus He turneth wrath to praise,
And the mourners' hearts doth raise
And appoint them joyful days.

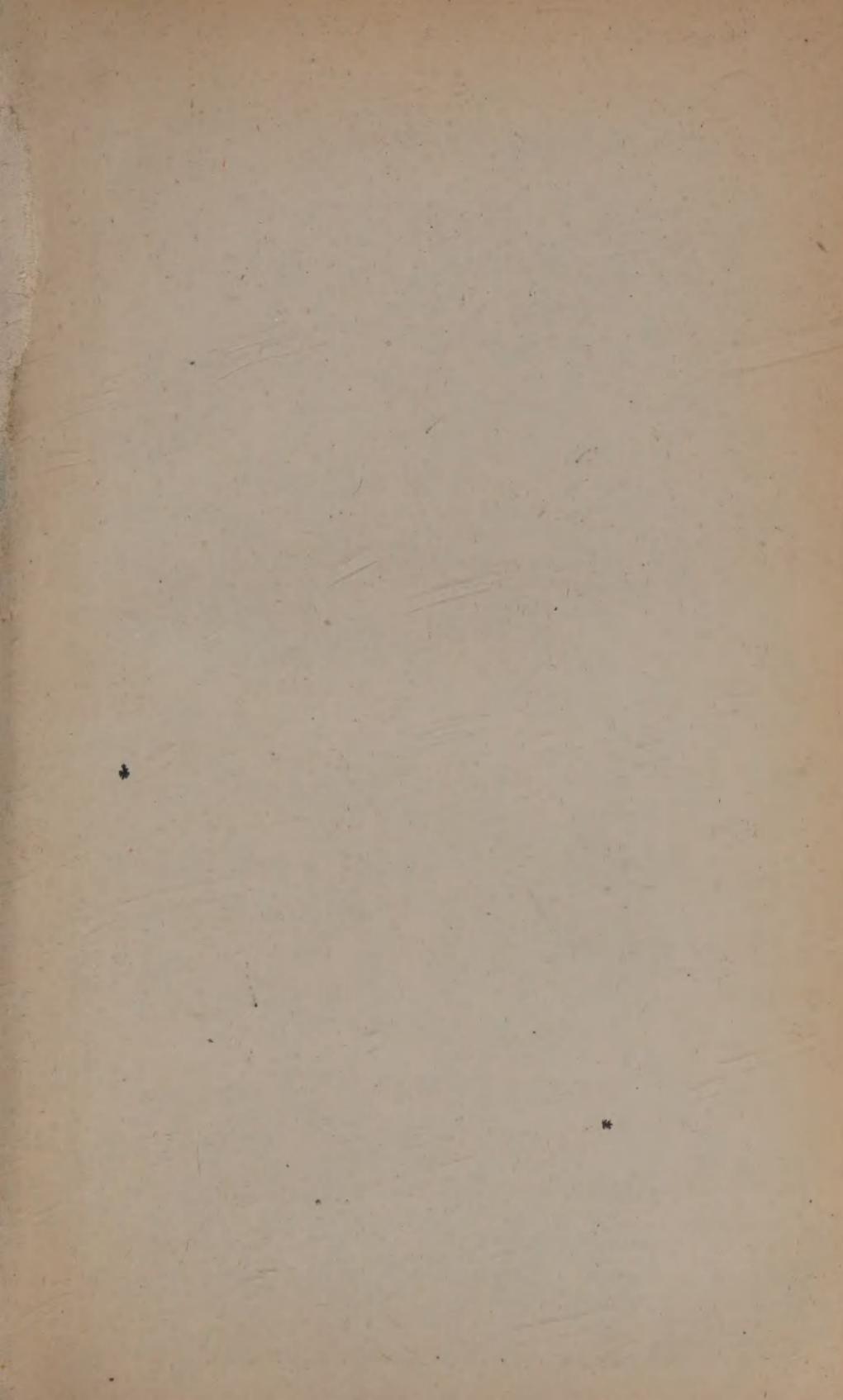
By a way we do not know
Doth He lead us here below,
And His wondrous treasures show.

True and everlasting Guide,
For His own He doth provide,
And the deepest gloom divide,

Leading on the way He went
Till our lives on earth are spent,
And we pass the firmament.









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Fuller, Osgood Eaton, 1835-1900.
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